OL. 36 NO. 8 Lessons for November AUGUST 1949

THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Monthly publication of the Relief Society of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

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THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

VOL. 36, NO. 8 AUGUST 1949

Sand and Flame

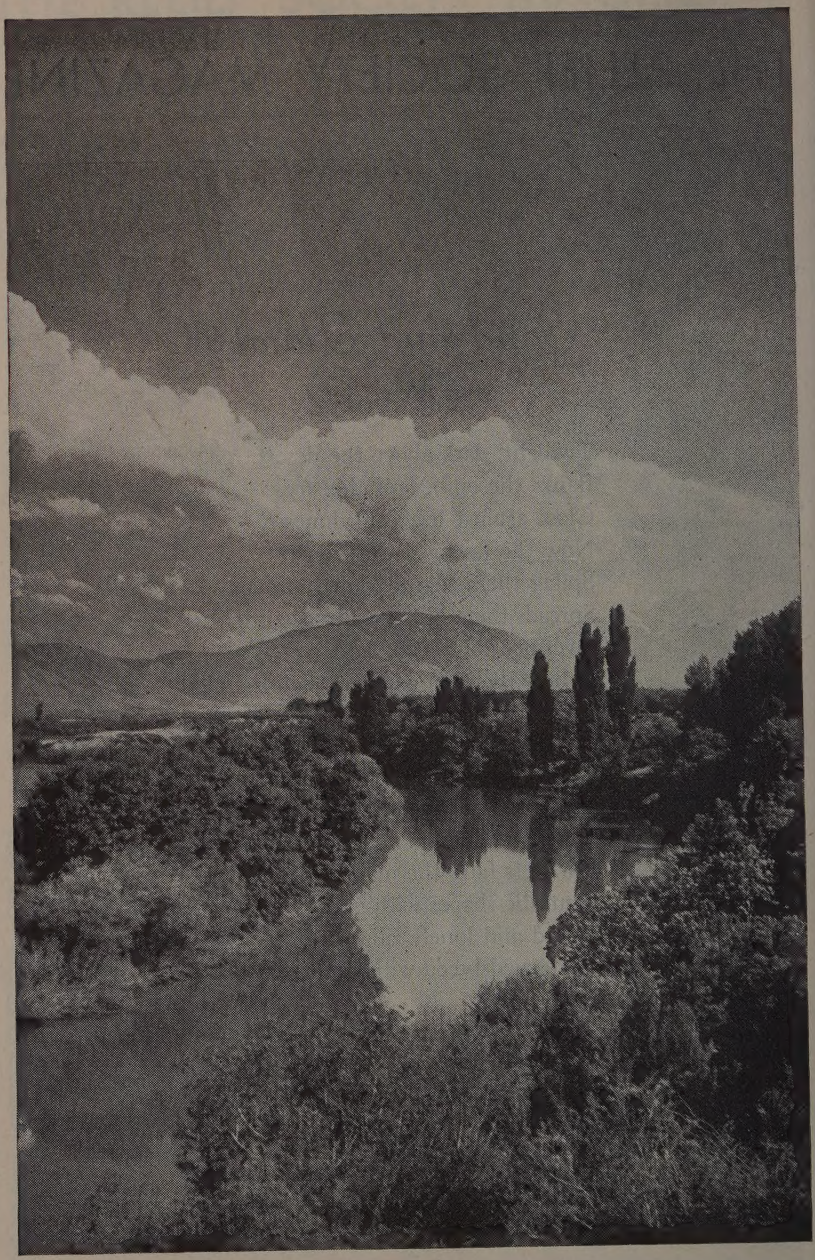
Anna Prince Redd

Twilight, dark above the desert,
Banks the embers of the sun,
Close against the sand dunes
Now the tawny day is done;
Spikes them sharply down arroyos,
Spreads them hot and furnace bright
Over beds of twisted lava,
Where they smoulder through the night.

Lizards, shadowless as shadows,
Lie with round, unlidded eyes,
Watchful of the tufted hummock
Where the hidden rattler lies.
Darkness falls; the night begets
Fantastic shapes with ghostly arms,
Weird and lonely silhouettes,
A frenzied breed with human forms.

Coolness comes. Light-winged as moth,
The heavy yucca scent is thinned;
The desert sands lie still and wait
Tomorrow's resurrection wind.

The Cover: "Eardrops for My Lady," Photograph by Josef Muench



Willard Luce

BEAR RIVER, UTAH

The Tasks of Modern Citizenship

Dr. G. Homer Durham

Head of Political Science Department, University of Utah

Render therefore unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's; and unto God the things that are God's (Matthew 22:21).

THE incident calling forth this statement of Jesus may be forgotten. But the force of the message involved carries down to modern times. What things shall be rendered unto Caesar? What loyalties? What demands may modern government make upon the individual in the name of the State? What things are due only to God? Conversely, what are the rights of the individual, if any, in the State? In the Church? What demands may the Church properly make upon the individual, with what methods? Should religious organizations, the churches, set the example for modern governments in dealings with the individual? Most men would agree that an ideal religious institution should properly set the example, not only by precept, but by living institutional practice.

The eleventh article of faith declares:

> We claim the privilege of worshiping Almighty God according to the dictates of our own conscience, and allow all men the same privilege, let them worship how, where, or what they may.

The twelfth article of faith says:

> We believe in being subject to kings, presidents, rulers, and magistrates, in obeying, honoring, and sustaining the law.

The Declaration of Belief Regarding Governments and Laws in General (D. & C. 134:2) suggests that the following human rights should be held inviolate:

1. The free exercise of conscience
2. The control of property
3. The right to life

These doctrines require respect for God and Church, for the State and government, and also for the individual. The worth of the individual soul and its free agency receive the highest of all values in the gospel. As God respects the rights of man and "will force no man to heaven," so the restored Church claims no prerogatives of social action over the minds or bodies of men. The Declaration on Governments and Laws reserves to the Church a single sanction or enforcement power—the power of excommunication. And as Thomas Jefferson once wrote, such action "neither picks my pocket nor bites my leg"—although serious social, economic, and physical consequences may follow spiritual loss. Section 121 of the Doctrine and Covenants says "Amen to the priesthood or the authority" of any man who undertakes to exercise unrighteous dominion over the souls of men. The Church, in its own government, not only respects the individual rights and testimony of the membership, but in applying rules of Church discipline and gov-

ernment, utilizes the doctrine of common consent as revealed to the Prophet Joseph Smith. (See D. & C. 20:65, 67, 81-82; 26:2; 28: 10-13; 41:2; 107:12, 27, 32, 82-84.) Thus, properly developed, the restored Church respects the individual rights of man, individually, and collectively.

Although the Priesthood is restored and could function as Priesthood, the Church as a Church, modern revelation makes clear, cannot function as a *church* without the law of common consent and the free, voluntary support of its members. This doctrine provides an excellent example and parallel for the tasks of modern citizenship. For, without individual rights, there could be no effective citizenship. A totalitarian church could not qualify as the true church, respecting the free agency of man. Similarly, a totalitarian State substitutes abject obedience and slavish consent for intelligent, active citizenship. The probation of man, the gospel plan, requires freedom of conscience as the basis of both Church membership and citizenship. The Lord's respect for the things of Caesar is only another way of indicating his divine respect for the free agency of man as a fundamental truth.

WHAT shall be rendered unto Caesar? Can Caesar command anything? And then, must we obey? The answer is that the State cannot, if the rights of man are respected, require men to do anything and everything. The rights of individual freedom of conscience, property, and life should be held inviolate by the State. Beyond this, with the implication that governments rest on the consent of the governed, we are obligated to obey the laws of the land —provided (D. & C. 134:5) that they meet two tests: (1) conformance to the public interest; (2) respect for, and holding sacred, the freedom of conscience. The tasks of modern citizenship involve, therefore, two fundamental considerations:

First, the citizen must have sufficient discernment to understand the true sphere of the State. He must see that governmental activity always respects freedom of conscience and meets the public interest. Lawmaking, or any political activity, contrary to freedom of conscience, for any child of God, should be opposed. This is a citizenship task of preventive, negative character. The second, or positive aspect, is to see that laws are framed and administered "for the good and safety of society" (D. & C. 134:1). This positive, affirmative aspect leads to a related major task of modern citizenship, namely, "obeying, honoring, and sustaining the law."

In order to influence and positively use freedom of conscience, we must learn our rights and duties as citizens. President John Taylor taught that it was as important for us to study political principles as to study religion, "to know and comprehend the social and political interests of man, and to learn and be able to teach that which would be best calculated to promote the interests of the world" (*The Gospel Kingdom*, pp. 297-298).

How might this be done by a member of Relief Society? The membership of the Relief Society is international. The following references to American practice, therefore, though local, are typical of practices in other nations.

First, it is the duty of a member of the Relief Society, if possible, to qualify as a voter. In the American states the qualifications vary from state to state. In Utah the basic requirements include age, residence, and registration. One must be twenty-one years of age or upwards, have been a citizen of the land for at least ninety days preceding the election, have resided in Utah for one year, in the county four months, and in the precinct sixty days. Property qualifications are expressly forbidden by Article IV, Section 8, of the Utah Constitution.

Many people fail to qualify as voters, usually by failing to register. Then many fail to exercise their franchise on election day. In the Salt Lake City municipal elections as few as twenty per cent of the voters sometimes participate. This means that a mayor and city commission may be elected by an organized minority of *as few as ten per cent* of the qualified voters! In general Presidential elections, Utah leads the forty-eight American states in the percentage of qualified voters who go to the polls, around eighty per cent. But in municipal affairs, school board, and other by-elections, interest often lags. This often means great power for those groups which have the foresight and initiative to organize behind the candidates of their choice.

Secondly, after qualifying and participating as a regular voter, an active citizen needs to consider the question: "How can I influence the *nomination* of persons seeking election?" It is one thing to go to the polls. It is another thing to determine whose names get on the ballot in the first place! In states having the direct primary and a simple filing system, as few as five people can nominate a person for public office. In other cases, a simple designation of candidacy by a single individual does the work, providing a filing fee is paid. In Utah the filing fee is one-fourth of one per cent of the total term-salary of the office sought. Thus the filing fee for the United States Senate is $187.50, for Congressmen, $62.50, for Governor, $75, for a member of the State Legislature, $5.

THERE are many ways to influence the nomination of officers. The oldest, perhaps most certain, and most influential in the long run, is to actively affiliate with one of the major political parties in your community. *Someone has to decide who runs for office.* Fundamentally, this is the work of the political party. But friendly groups can also wield a strong influence. Organization is the keynote to success in all political activity. This leads to a third suggestion.

In many communities, outstanding women have formed non-partisan or bi-partisan civic councils. In Utah, for example, we find the Women's Legislative Council, and

such organizations as the Salt Lake Council of Women. These bodies study public questions and their members may then fearlessly present their views to legislators, executives, and administrative bodies. It is an old adage that "the squeaking wheel gets the grease." Interpreted for tasks of modern citizenship, this could mean that an effectively organized body of women, in every community, large or small, can have a distinctive and effective voice in public policy. By common consent and discussion, the group may decide *when* to exercise calm restraint and be silent, and *when* to persist with public officers in seeking necessary changes and in securing public improvements. This is a political world and we live in a peculiarly political age. The Prophet Joseph Smith said:

> It is our duty to concentrate all our influence to make popular that which is sound and good, and unpopular that which is unsound. 'Tis right, politically, for a man who has influence to use it . . . *Joseph Smith: Prophet-Statesman*, page 105).

Woman suffrage has been justified, among other reasons, in the hope that the enfranchisement of women would result in greater influence of the ideals of womanhood and motherhood in public affairs. This has not yet been realized. Commenting, a leading American text has this to say:

> Such evidence as exists . . . indicates that, by and large, women voters are not very different from men voters. Some are vigilant and intelligent, many are uninformed and apathetic; some make up their own minds, others merely do as a ward [political division] leader, a member of the family tells them, many go to the polls voluntarily and with scrupulous regularity, many go but seldom and only when pressed to do so, and more still do not go at all. Suffrage for women is sound in principle, and entirely correct as a matter of policy; but it has not worked . . . a revolution (Ogg and Ray, *Introduction to American Government*, 8th ed., pp. 162-163).

Perhaps women's suffrage will never work "a revolution." Perhaps it should not be expected to do so. But, nevertheless, as the home, family, ward, and stake would be pretty dull affairs and institutions without the Relief Society, so, too, it is clear that the political community may and should benefit from the organized activity of women. The Relief Society is not in politics and probably never will be. That is not its particular mission, as we understand things. But, if I may be permitted the thought, more members of the Relief Society, whether Republicans or Democrats, as well as other righteous women everywhere, should be in politics! Of course, this activity and its extent will depend on the inclination and interest of the individuals concerned.

Finally, in this short space, in addition to (1) voting; (2) influencing the nominating process; and (3) engaging in some organized political activity of desired degree, every modern woman should attempt to keep informed on public questions. What, for example, are the issues involved in the North Atlantic Treaty of 1949?

The search for information on which to base successful citizenship is never-ending. But a few suggestions may be mentioned here.

WOULD you like to know the requirements and procedures for voting and holding office in your state? In nearly every instance, a letter to the secretary of state at your state capitol will bring you a voter's handbook, a copy of the state election and suffrage laws, or some other convenient pamphlet. Your state university, in nearly every instance, has bulletins which will be of some service. National, state, and local headquarters of the major political parties can always provide applicants with materials. If no other address is known, one may write the "Democratic National Committee," or, "The Republican National Committee," Washington, D.C.

The above information is purely technical, and once learned, has little value except for ready reference. Do you read a daily newspaper? If so, what in it do you read? The news of public policy, as well as the comics, the women's page, and the dollar-day advertisements? Ten minutes each day with the front pages will keep you informed about the United Nations, foreign policies, national, state, and home affairs. Always "wade through" important documents, like the text of the North Atlantic Treaty, a presidential message, an important speech. Then you can make up your own mind as to its worth. Also recommended is selecting a radio news broadcaster of your choice, not the editorializing, sermonizing variety (although they have their own uses), but one of the factual, concise, type. What comes in the news may affect your pocketbook and your children's happiness. It will pay you to listen to a good newscast regularly.

Our Church maintains, in the Intermountain Region, one of the finest daily newspapers and one of the best radio services in the world. They are worthy of our patronage as we seek for information and pursue the tasks of citizenship. Moreover, our Church magazines increasingly are giving space to questions and discussions of modern factual problems. Usually, too, they contain a basis for evaluation and critical judgment of the issues of the day. If we are to be saved as fast as we gain knowledge, we will need to include knowledge pertinent to the tasks of citizenship. May we all be good citizens and make worthy use of our rights to free conscience, property, and life in the modern world!

[This article may be used as supplementary material for social science lesson 5, February 1950, which will be published in the *Magazine* November 1949—Ed.]

Immortality

Jessie M. Robinson

Light comes from distant worlds,
And air vibrates with sound.
With faith, I too, shall find
A far-off place, where light
And sound abound.

Relief Society Building News

THE names of the following missions and branches in missions have not previously been published in *The Relief Society Magazine* as having completed their Building Fund quotas:

Norwegian Mission
Swiss-Austrian Mission

Aalesund Branch, Norwegian Mission
Arendal Branch, Norwegian Mission
Basel Branch, Swiss-Austrian Mission
Bergen Branch, Norwegian Mission
Bern Branch, Swiss-Austrian Mission
Biel Branch, Swiss-Austrian Mission
Burgdorf Branch, Swiss-Austrian Mission
Chur Branch, Swiss-Austrian Mission
Drammen Branch, Norwegian Mission
Frankenburg Branch, Swiss-Austrian Mission
Fredrikstad Branch, Norwegian Mission
Haag Branch, Swiss-Austrian Mission
Halden Branch, Norwegian Mission
Haugesund Branch, Norwegian Mission
Horten Branch, Norwegian Mission
Interlaken Branch, Swiss-Austrian Mission
Larvik Branch, Norwegian Mission
Luzern Branch, Swiss-Austrian Mission
Moss Branch, Norwegian Mission
Narvik Branch, Norwegian Mission
Olten Branch, Swiss-Austrian Mission
Oslo Branch, Norwegian Mission
Pratteln Branch, Swiss-Austrian Mission
Salzburg Branch, Swiss-Austrian Mission
Solothurn Branch, Swiss-Austrian Mission
Stavanger Branch, Norwegian Mission
Trondheim Branch, Norwegian Mission
Tonsberg Branch, Norwegian Mission
Wien Branch, Swiss-Austrian Mission
Winterthur Branch, Swiss-Austrian Mission
Zurich Branch, Swiss-Austrian Mission

More at Peace

Christie Lund Coles

I shall go out beneath the sky,
Shall walk with winds, hear song of birds,
I shall come back more wise and more at peace
Than from multitudinous words.

Music in the Home

Norma Wrathall

"THAT boy! Tooting that horn again!" muttered Mrs. Finley, as she jerked the west living-room window shut with a bang. "If his folks can stand it, that's their business, but as for me—well—!" She switched into the kitchen, her round face glowing with more heat than had arisen from the cook stove.

Mr. Finley sat by the kitchen table, finishing his good hot dinner preparatory to going on afternoon shift.

Mrs. Finley addressed the newspaper that was propped up in front of him. "I'll declare to goodness, I've had enough of music to last me for a long, long time. And to cap the climax, the other day Professor Ernesto sent me a card, saying that I had been honored by receiving the appointment of head of the summer band committee." She opened the oven and, in spite of her agitation, gently removed a cake, leaving the oven door open.

"Again! After three summers of it. Going from house to house, enlisting students, and then checking up on the ones who don't show up for practice, getting dates for programs, worrying about uniforms, worrying about funds. Well, I'm not doing it again. For once, I'll be firm with him. I'll say, Now that my older children are out of school, and I have no one taking lessons, I find that my interests are along other lines—something like that, I'll say. Doesn't that practicing bother you, Pa?"

Mr. Finley had momentarily emerged from his newspaper, and was placing his shoes on the oven door. "What—oh, you mean that Peterson kid? No, never even notice it. Ought to be used to it by this time. So ought you, Clara. Your own kids practiced enough. Jerry on his sax, Ida with her violin, and Ruthie on the piano. Seemed like Ruthie made the most noise."

Mr. Finley was a mild little man, a steady worker, a good provider, who had long since left the details of the family's education to his wife.

"That was because Ruthie had to practice in the living room all the time." Mrs. Finley sighed, and went on clearing the table. "Yes, but our children had some talent for music, if I do say so. I remember the last time Ida played in Professor Ernesto's recital, every note in perfect tune, and such beautiful expression! Ruthie accompanied her at the piano! It was lovely, and you'd never have guessed how they'd fought while they were practicing together."

Mrs. Finley wiped her eyes furtively on an apron corner. "But, as I've said before, you go through all that, and what happens? The girls get married, and Jerry goes away to medical school, and leaves his sax in the basement. So—my nerves the way they've been lately, I'm just as glad that Carl shows no talent whatever. All he's interested in is rabbits, or pigeons, and baseball."

She was speaking of their youngest, a student at Eastlake Junior High.

Mr. Finley had finished reading the editorial page, and was hurrying to finish his pie. His only response to his wife's remarks was an indistinct Mumble.

MRS. Finley finished clearing up, eating a small wedge of pie as she did so, taking bites over the sink. She was small, and neat, and plump, and every movement was precise and bustling, as she moved about the kitchen with short, quick steps. She was telling herself, of course, if Carl *had* any talent, why, naturally she'd let him take lessons on something. Even though she had gone through years and years of all of them practicing at once, in different rooms, of course, and Pa usually having the radio on good and loud in the kitchen.

It had been worth it, worth counting out Jerry's music while he played his sax, until sometimes she could hear "One-and-two-and-three-and" in her dreams.

It had been worth sitting at the piano playing accompaniments for Ida's violin pieces over and over for her, at the same time keeping an eye on what was on the stove for dinner. It had been worthwhile even with Ruthie's habit of starting to practice at just the right time so she couldn't help get supper on.

She had been proud of them, too. Every one had become a good player. But now—well, it was a relief to have a little peace and quiet. That is, it had been until Arnie Peterson, next door, started taking lessons on the sax.

Mr. Finley suddenly folded his paper, put on his warm shoes and picked up his lunch bucket. "Did Carl ever get measured for his new suit?"

"No, he didn't. And that's another thing," replied Mrs. Finley. "I ordered it two weeks ago, and every afternoon after school I've tried to get him to go down to the tailor's and get measured. But he always has some excuse, and the next thing I know, he's over to Petersons with Arnie."

"Maybe he's spent some of his money. A kid that age, who works as hard as Carl does delivering papers every morning—well, you couldn't blame him if he spent some of it. Maybe you'd better give him some money, Clara."

"No! I want him to learn the value of money. If he uses his own, it'll mean more to him, and maybe he will take better care of his clothes."

She leaned over for Mr. Finley's dutiful kiss on her cheek as he left for work; but she was preoccupied.

She had to hurry to frost the cake, because she had to attend a Parent-Teacher officers meeting at four o'clock. Just before she left the house, she dialed Mrs. Peterson's number.

"Is Carl over at your house, Mrs. Peterson? Oh, yes, I thought I could hear Arnie practicing—my goodness, he certainly does work at it, doesn't he? I was going to ask you if you'd send Carl home now. I'm going out, and I want him to—Oh, all right!" Mrs. Finley's cheeks were several shades pinker as she hung up the phone. She was sure she had heard Mrs. Peterson say, "Gladly!"—in an undertone.

The two roses on the front of Mrs. Finley's hat bobbed energetically as she hurried toward the high school. Sometimes, she wished that she was a man, with nothing to do but go to work every day, year in and year out. It had been very annoying when Professor Ernesto phoned that morning, especially considering his earlier message about the band committee. It seemed that one of the musical numbers for the P.T.A. meeting the very next evening had disappointed him at the last minute. "I'm so very, very busy," he sighed into the phone, "and you, Mrs. Finley, you have had so much experience with music. And with young people, such an understanding! Ah, music in the home! All of them participating! Ah, how wonderful!"

By the time he had stated the reason for his call, the halting strains of "Swanee River," slightly off key, drifted in through the open window. So Mrs. Finley suggested that Arnie play a solo. The professor was dubious, but Mrs. Finley said that the students should have first chance, shouldn't they? Besides, she had no time to run all over town to get another number at such late notice. Thank goodness, this would be her last year as president of the P.T.A.

She did not return home until nearly dusk, but that didn't matter, for when Mr. Finley was on afternoon shift, she just fixed a snack supper for herself and Carl. As she walked up the path, she saw that the rabbits were loose again, eating off the tulips. The phone was ringing. The house was unlighted, and she stumbled over Carl's bat and ball as she hurried through the entrance hall toward the phone.

"Hello—oh, it's you, Mrs. Peterson . . . ." Her tones became more formal, remembering their conversation of the afternoon. "That will be nice, for Arnie to play tomorrow night. Oh, that's too bad . . . yes, you may, if I can find it."

She limped toward the bedroom, changed her dress, and came back to call from the kitchen window, "Carl! Car-ul!"

Presently, he ambled in through the back door.

"Carl, did you find my note about going to the tailor's? And the rabbits are out again. Now, I know how fond you are of them, but this can't continue. The neighbors will complain."

CARL leaned against the door. "Don't know how they get out all the time. Somebody must let 'em." His smooth brow, unmarred by the freckles which covered the lower part of his face, puckered with annoyance.

"Carl, did you go to the tailor's?"

"Well, no, Mother. Not today. I didn't have time."

"Time! My goodness! Why didn't you go there, instead of staying at Peterson's so long? And that's another thing. I think it's getting on her nerves for you to be there so much. Maybe you bother Arnie when he's practicing. In the future, I don't want you to go over there oftener than twice a week."

Carl's entire face wrinkled in protest. "Twice a week! Gosh, Mother, I've gotta . . . ."

"No, you haven't. Now let's get this other business decided. Tomorrow, I'll go with you, right after

school, and we'll get your suit measured, so it will be sure to be finished in time for the school's closing exercises in May."

"Look, Mother, why don't I get a ready-made suit? It'll be cheaper, and no bother."

"I explained it to you before." Mrs. Finley's voice bore an edge of patience. "I want you to have a tailored one, because this man knows how to make it so it can be let out in the fall, in case you grow. Which of course you will. And it will look better."

But he had already slipped out the door, muttering about the rabbits. Mrs. Finley sighed. She moved the soup to the back of the stove, and went down into the basement. Sometimes, it was hard to get a boy that age to do things when you wanted him to.

Mrs. Finley was quite sure she had put Jerry's sax in the small enclosure back of the water pipes, where she had put her empty fruit jars. Although the basement was tight, Mrs. Finley always suspected such corners of harboring mice. She screamed at the sudden rustling back of her.

"When'll supper be ready?"

"Scare a person to death! It's ready now. Carl, have you seen anything of Jerry's sax? Mrs. Peterson wants to borrow the reed, because Arnie has broken his, and has to play tomorrow night. I can't imagine where it could be, unless someone has borrowed it in my absence." She brushed the dust from her apron.

Carl started suddenly toward the stairs. "Why would I know where it is? Anyhow, Arnie was practicing all right this afternoon."

He went so quickly to the bathroom to wash that his mother wondered fleetingly if he had been up to something. Well, she would just have to call Mrs. Peterson and explain. Surely Professor Ernesto would have an extra reed around.

ON the following afternoon, Carl disappeared for several hours, and didn't come home until supper time. But Mrs. Finley was so busy getting her husband off to work, pressing her dress, and finishing her notes for the little speech she had to make that night, that she decided she wouldn't have time to go to the tailor's, anyway. It could wait one more day. On the other hand, Carl might have gone by himself, although it seemed unlikely.

That evening, she called for Mrs. Peterson. Mr. Peterson, it seemed, had a committee meeting of some sort. Usually a calm, reserved woman, Mrs. Peterson's sallow face was tense with a strange irritability. She was tall and angular, and her long legs took such strides that Mrs. Finley, puffing along beside her, kept explaining that they had plenty of time.

"It was good of you to let Arnie play his solo on such short notice," she began breathlessly, by way of pouring oil on troubled waters.

"Oh, Arnie isn't playing a solo," Mrs. Peterson flung back over her shoulder. "He's to play a duet, with another boy. And this other boy didn't show up to practice this afternoon. So I don't know . . . ."

"Don't worry about it," panted Mrs. Finley, kindly, "Arnie will be sure to know his part. He practices so faithfully."

"Well, part of the time it's this

other kid there practicing. Sometimes, I think I'll go crazy. Neither of them can play worth anything." Mrs. Peterson spoke bitterly, her pace increasing with her annoyance.

Mrs. Finley said, "I know just how you feel. I never did think a saxophone was human. You'd think this other boy would practice in his own home, though. Not bother you."

Mrs. Peterson strode along for a moment of silence. "You would think so, wouldn't you?" she replied presently.

A little breeze had come up. Between keeping her hair tucked under her hat at the side, and keeping up with Mrs. Peterson, Mrs. Finley had no breath for conversation until they were comfortably seated in the auditorium. Then Mrs. Finley made cheerful remarks about things in general. But Mrs. Peterson kept her lip in a thin line, and had little to say.

The only trouble about sitting by Mrs. Peterson was that she kept nudging you whenever something happened, and her elbow was so bony. Suddenly, she nudged Mrs. Finley. "There comes Professor Ernesto. Don't let on that I said those kids didn't practice this afternoon. I only wish I could help them, it sounds so . . . . Oh, good evening, Professor."

Mrs. Finley thought that the professor's thin shoulders, under his pepper-and-salt suit, were even more hunched and tired than usual. But he wore an affable smile.

"So glad Arnie could play tonight, Mrs. Peterson. It will give the boy such valuable experience. And he's improving! Yes he's improving. And you, Mrs. Finley, you have such a talented family. Do you think Carl has the musical ability of your other children? Sometimes I think the boys enjoy all that blowing, even if it doesn't seem to make music. It sort of relieves their feelings."

"Why, yes, I suppose so," said Mrs. Finley, looking a little annoyed. "Of course, Carl isn't much interested in it. He likes . . . ." She fell silent under Mrs. Peterson's prodding, as the professor moved away.

THE musical part of the program was ready to begin. The business meeting would come later, so that the students could go home. Mrs. Finley began quietly sorting the cards on which her notes were written, so that she would not lose her place in the speech she had to give later on. She was only half listening to the program, although she applauded each number enthusiastically.

As the last number was announced, there was a little commotion at the back of the stage. She looked up absently. Mrs. Peterson dug mercilessly into her side. Then the room seemed to swim before her eyes. There on the platform, ready to play, were Arnie Peterson and this other boy. *And this other boy was Carl,* clad in his school cords and a polo shirt, and even now raising Jerry's sax to his lips and puffing out his cheeks.

The professor, at the piano, played the opening measures and smiled encouragement. The halting strains of "Swanee River," slightly off key, floated out over the restless audience.

"Oh, dear, to think he didn't even

get cleaned up," thought Mrs. Finley, irrelevantly.

During the little spatter of applause, Mrs. Peterson muttered into her ear, "I guess he had them last, so people would not be listening too closely. I should have told you, I guess, but I figured it was up to Carl. He said he wanted to surprise you. That's why I sent over to borrow the reed. I knew he had your other boy's sax, and I thought maybe you'd catch on . . . ."

"Me and my peace and quiet," thought poor Mrs. Finley. Somehow, she made her way to the front of the room. She said to Carl, who was putting the sax into its case, "But, Carl, that was lovely. Why didn't you tell me?"

Carl looked up, a wide grin splitting his freckles. "Gee, Mother, you mean, you liked it? I just wanted to surprise you. Were you surprised?"

Mrs. Finley leaned against the piano. "Yes, very."

Professor Ernesto hurried up. "Oh, you mean you didn't know Carl was to play tonight? Just like a boy, wanting to surprise his mother."

Mrs. Finley said to Carl, "Did you use some of your money for lessons? Is that why you didn't order your suit? Why in the world? . . . . Well, I'll give you some money, tomorrow."

"Don't worry, Mother. I'll have the money. I sold my rabbits. Pigeons are less bother, anyway."

Her throat constricted at the sacrifice. "Oh, Carl you shouldn't have. You were so fond of them. Who bought them?"

Carl's placid face bore no signs of emotion as he shifted his gum to the other side of his mouth. "The butcher," he said. He took up his case, and turned to look for Arnie.

Mrs. Finley felt weak. She said to the professor, after a moment, "Professor, you make me feel ashamed. When I think of all the practicing you have listened to—I, well, I don't know what to say, only that I want Carl to keep on taking lessons. He needs all the help he can get."

The professor beamed at her and went on with his work of putting away the music.

She stood there a moment. She looked at his thinning gray hair, and at the long, sensitive fingers sorting the music. All at once, she realized who had made the countless wrinkles at the corner of his eyes, had given his mouth that patient set. It was her children, and dozens of others just like them. They had taken their toll of the promise of his youth. It was their lack of consideration, the jangle of wrong notes they played, the sharps and flats falling willy-nilly from hapless fingers.

As she neared the platform, Carl came back, followed by Arnie. Carl was grinning. "Now we can practice at our place. The professor says you're gonna be head of the band committee again. Can I have a uniform? Arnie's mother can't play, so you can play for us every afternoon . . . ."

Mrs. Finley nodded mutely. As the boys walked on out of the auditorium, she prepared to face her audience, but Professor Ernesto's words kept ringing in her ears, "Ah, music in the home . . . ." Unconsciously, she straightened her shoulders, bracing herself.

Rugmaking in the New England Mission

President S. Dilworth Young

Member, First Council of Seventy
President, New England Mission

HAVE you ever hooked a rug? Don't sniff! Rug hooking is not the lost art of the pioneers—a makeshift, used only until the railroads could arrive with the cheaper woven articles. It is something else. It is an art that every woman can easily learn, in which she can express her artistic inhibitions, use up old scraps—of no use for anything else, create articles of varied use for the home, and sell the products of her skill for sums of money to purchase personal finery, or a new suit for little Jimmy.

A group of women working in a Relief Society will always have several souls of the right temperament to turn out articles for the annual bazaar which will be one of the most profitable sources of income imaginable.

There are hooked rags, and then there are hooked rugs. Sometime ago, Sister Young and I stopped at a fisherman's cottage on the south shore of Nova Scotia. Mrs. Murphy lives there, and could hook rugs, we were told. So we went in. Mrs. Murphy was a delightful lady of Scotch descent with the "burr" still in her inflection. She showed us the rugs she was making, the home-made frame on which was stretched the burlap back which formed the base of the rug, and a finished rug, which looked "right nice." Would she sell the rug? No, this was not for sale. It was made by "Grammy." Grammy died last year, and this is all that she left to be remembered by. She was a "good hooker," was Grammy. Thus was the supreme compliment paid to one, old and dear, who had gone on before. She was a "good hooker."

Later, at Cheticamp on Cape Breton Island, we entered a little shop conducted by a French woman. Hanging on the walls were rugs depicting scenes in the island, executed with such refinement that they seemed finer than old world tapestry. Inquiry revealed that these were hooked rugs, only, instead of cloth being used, wool yarn was the medium.

As we journeyed about in the Canadian portion of the mission, we inquired among the country folk for the people who were rug experts. We couldn't find them. On Prince Edward Island in a little fishing village, there is a general store at which we managed to buy a hook. The cost wasn't much, thirty cents, or so, but the storekeeper said that it was machine-made and wasn't as good as those made by hand by Angus McDonald. Angus was a farmer, so we went out to his farm. The quaint buildings were neat and clean and the wife of Angus was obliging, but Angus had been sick, hadn't made any hooks for a long time, and at the present moment was out on the

Banks of Newfoundland on a fishing cruise.

All of these excursions among the simple folk of the countryside made us all the more anxious to introduce this age-old craft for the use of the mission Relief Society. Examples of hooked rugs, created for sale to tourists, hung on clotheslines handy to the road. Most of these were far from artistic, no matter what could be said of them as rugs, but still people bought them. They could be made for a small outlay in money, and they would give our sisters another outlet. Sister Young was determined to revive the art in the New England Mission.

And then she heard of Mrs. Pearl J. McGown of West Boylston. In a charming section of Massachusetts, Mrs. McGown lives and works at Rose Cottage. Certainly there is nothing else like it in New England. As we entered the front door, an assistant greeted us and began to show us around. On the floor was a rug of intricate design, with the warmth of an expensive Persian from the Near East. Our guide assured me that it was hooked. I couldn't believe it. "The stair runners are hooked," she

ELIZA HARRINGTON OF BURLINGTON, VERMONT

Sister Harrington, eighty-three years old, is an authority on hooked rugs and colonial quilts. She has one of the most complete collections of quilt-block patterns in Vermont. Interested in preserving for the future the patterns and designs of early New England handicraft, Sister Harrington finds great interest in this valuable hobby. She has an individual quilting frame, which permits her to complete a quilt without help.

said. These were of a pattern and style in perfect taste, in pleasing color. As we went from room to room, the variety of uses for the hooker's art became apparent in seat covers, purses, wall medallions, tapestries, and in floor rugs of all sizes, shapes, and descriptions. We saw chair-seat covers done so delicately that they rivaled the finest needle point.

MRS. McGown, a charming woman, supplies a good portion of the United States with both the incentive and the materials. She designs the patterns, dyes the cloth, supplies the dyes, frames, cutters, and general instructions for a host of women (and some men, I was told). She issues monthly bulletins on the newest discoveries and acts as the source of supply and inspiration for her enthusiastic followers. Her instructors, living in about twenty of the forty-eight states, are busily engaged in training women in the art and distributing the supplies from Rose Cottage.

The crowning event in the Rose Cottage year is the exhibit of hooked rugs at Worcester in May. Here women enter for exhibition the finest examples of the art. Some rugs, only a foot or so square, are delicate enough to hang on walls as framed pictures, while the largest examples run up to ten feet square, rivaling the finest the professional carpet weavers can produce.

In this exhibit is found the true art of the New Englander. When we visited the exhibition, about 300 rugs were shown. Some were so well done that it is hard to believe that they were woven from strips of cloth, so natural and realistic were their flowers. Others, in addition, had great charm of combinations of colors. Delicate shading is the secret to be mastered. I am told that seven shades go into the making of one rose design. The art of achieving this delicacy is the secret which all strive to learn.

I was told that one extremely beautiful rug, about four-by-six feet, would easily bring one hundred dollars, at a sale, and that it was not unusual for the large eight-by-ten feet sizes to bring from $500 to $1000, if well done. One woman regularly sells her two-by-four feet rugs for seventy dollars.

While I wandered around in the great crowd of women, hearing comment, criticism of pattern and design, words of approbation, and general good chatter, Sister Young was getting a short lesson on dying, and another on how to hook.

Our sisters can become expert in this art, she thinks. With it, they can beautify their homes, help their pocketbooks, and bring new cash to the coffers of the little Relief Societies scattered over the mission. I think so, too.

Getting Acquainted

Mary Rigby

The funny thing about a smile,
You wear it for a little while,
And soon the strangeness all is gone—
It seems to fit the face it's on.

The Jumpher Family

Part II—Randy

Deone R. Sutherland

THAT my sister Randy was going to be a glamour girl, or thought she was, as Richard put it, was very trying at times. "Especially since she is so young," said Papa.

"She has never even been to an evening dance," said Richard, who is even younger than Randy, but older than I.

"I never thought that I would produce a butterfly," said Papa one evening when Randy was practicing creative dancing on the living-room floor. Papa was listening to the radio. "I thought I was getting bad static," he said to Mama, "but it was only Randy bumping the floor."

"Hugh!" Mama said.

"Father!" said Randy. She had taken to the name *Father* about the same time she had taken to putting on lipstick.

"You sure do miss your lips a long ways," Richard would tell her.

"Well, it's hard to do it when I'm already late for school and I have to keep walking," Randy explained.

It wasn't until Papa's job had let him move home again that Mama found out about the lipstick. Mama always thought that that was why Miss String had acted so odd when Mama visited the school. She had said something about expecting Mama to be different—to be more—well, *flashy*. Mama kept wondering about that until Papa said he guessed Mama was hurt that she wasn't flashy. But anyway, Randy did look changed with all that lipstick on at school. Sometimes the teachers would make her and the other older girls wash it off, but Randy was very persevering.

"Father," said Randy, "Father, don't you think you should read something else in the evening besides the paper?"

"Why he does," said Mama; "he reads—"

"I mean literature. You ought to be reading great literature." Randy reached one arm over her head in a great swinging arc that ended in another jump and bump.

"Why don't you read a little more in the evening?" Papa asked, folding back his paper.

"I do have an art to work at," said Randy. "You should be more artistic, Father."

"I'll try," said Papa.

We all took dancing at the Weston Studios. It was recommended so that the children at our school could get acquainted and acquire social graces. Randy and Richard took ballroom dancing. Richard had to take it because the first day, everyone had chosen partners and nobody chose Randy. Randy cried all the way home. But after Papa talked to Richard, Richard told Randy he wanted to take it, and they could dance together sometimes until she got to know more people.

"You!" said Randy with great

scorn, but she took him every Saturday.

Randy's best friend at school came over to console Randy. "It's only because you lack glamour," she told Randy. "You don't even henna your hair, do you, darling?"

"No, and you don't either," said Randy bluntly.

"Well," said Lillian, "it's because I already have the kind of hair that has something."

"Don't I?" asked Randy, standing in front of the mirror, pulling at her dark, straight hair.

I lay on my twin bed watching them. I had been reading *Alice in Wonderland* for the thousandth or so time. Randy had been glad when Lillian came. "You can be so stuffy," she had said to me. "I guess it's because you're so young. You've never felt much. Lillian has suffered. I guess she's felt plenty."

"What's she suffered over?" I was curious.

"She won't tell me," said Randy, "but she's older because of it. You can tell."

I was always going to ask Lillian what it was, but I never did. Besides, Randy might have got mad. She got mad over very funny things these days.

"Well, if I'm ever going to get to dance with somebody besides Richard, I've got to do something," said Randy, staring at herself. She looked at Lillian. "The boys dance with you, Lillian. Why?"

Lillian just smiled.

So Randy kept working at it. It was very hard the week she decided that nobody danced with her because of the family. She wanted us to be more "modern."

"Lillian is shocked because you're all so normal," she told us. "None of you has got the slightest complex. You don't even act slightly queer. And the family's too big. If we could only hide Martin and Martha Jane when my friends come. Why don't we send them home to Grandma?"

But Martha Jane began to cry, and Mama made Randy apologize, and Randy kissed Martha Jane and then Martin. Martin was in his playpen, and when Randy leaned over, he caught her hair and held onto it until Mama came and made him let go.

Randy thought her creative dancing class would also help. If it didn't, she could still be a great dancer as a result of the lessons. Then Mama got her a permanent, but that didn't help very much, either.

"Just be natural, dear," said Mama.

"Lillian says to be mysterious," said Randy. "She says she read that all men like a feeling of mystery in women. I've been acting mysterious all week. Have you noticed a difference?"

"Well," said Mama, "it is getting very hard for us to follow you all of the time, but I think I felt that there was something different about you the past week. But what I used to do, dear . . . ."

"I know," said Randy, "be natural."

"Well, yes," said Mama.

"Well, after all," said Randy, "it only got you Father. I'll hit on something."

And then all of a sudden it happened. Randy danced with one of the best boys in her class. "Ferg

Oleson," Randy would say, "Oh-h-h, *Ferg Oleson.*"

At dinner Randy told us all about it. "He sort of hates women, but all the girls are crazy about him. He wants to be a cowboy. *Ferg Oleson!*"

Richard knew more about him than Randy did. "He lives in the apartment house just down the block. They're just here like Papa, on business, not forever. Who'd want to live in a big city forever?"

Randy didn't like Richard to know more about Ferg than she did. But Ferg Oleson never talked much when they danced. "He just goes red, and it's hard for him to answer anything," said Randy. "I guess he must be very crazy about me all right."

"He's not crazy about her at all," Richard told me. "I just gave Ferg my old cowhide. I couldn't go on dancing with her forever even if Papa paid me a million dollars."

I looked in Richard's room. He was telling the truth all right. The cowhide was no longer hanging on his wall. "You better not let Randy know," I told Richard. "She wouldn't like to know about the cowhide."

"What about the cowhide?" said Randy coming into Richard's room. I got out the door, but Randy got Richard, so he had to tell.

RANDY went into the living room and lay down on the couch. "A *cowhide,*" she said, "he danced with me for a smelly, old, moth-eaten cowhide."

Mama tried to comfort her, but Randy refused to listen. She went over to the big window in the living room and sat on the window seat. She stared down into the street below. "I'll never go out again. I'll never go to another dance again, not even the matinee dances at school. I'll not even go to school again. How can I face him?"

I tried to console her. "He must have liked you a little," I said, "or he'd have made Richard give him more than a cowhide. Why, he could have held out for dozens of other things."

But Randy only moaned and stared down into the street. "I guess I don't even want to eat again," she said. "I feel funny. I don't even feel hungry."

"Randy," Mama said, "come help me with Martin. I want you to give him a bath."

Randy picked up Martin. Mama began setting the table for dinner. "Randy," Mama said, as she passed the bathroom door, "Randy, maybe you tried too hard. Maybe if you'd just be happy and be yourself—maybe if you liked the boys without trying to make them dance with you—maybe if you talked about what they wanted to talk about—"

"It doesn't matter," said Randy. I'm not going to try anything any more. I'll join—I'll join a monastery or go to Tibet or some place."

"Tibet—" said Martin very distinctly, and then he put the soap into his mouth.

And Randy didn't go to any more ballroom dancing classes. Richard said he was glad, but he didn't play as hard as usual on Saturday, and he came in early and asked me where Randy was.

"She's reading," I said. "She didn't even practice her dancing."

It made everything quieter, but it

made us feel uncomfortable in a way. Then Randy began being more fun at home, and she and I would wheel Martha Jane and Martin to the park on a quick trip because it was cold. It began to be lots of fun to be around Randy. Our whole family would do things together, and Randy would act as if she really liked it all. She even taught me how to knit.

Randy's permanent began to go out of her hair, and I was glad. She looked nice with her dark hair all soft again. I liked her better without lipstick, too.

Miss Perks made us practice and practice the songs for the Spring Greet Party. Our class was the only one among all the lower grades that was going to be allowed to go to the junior high for the party, and that was because we were going to sing. There was to be a program and refreshments and a matinee dance. I didn't sing very well, but they had to let the whole class sing together because it would be psychologically bad to leave some of us out. We heard the teachers talking about it. I was glad because I wanted to go.

IT was a very nice party, with the gymnasium decorated in greens and yellows, blooming spring flowers in pots, and chairs decorated like unfolding tulips and hyacinths and snowdrops. Randy told me the names of the flowers. She knew a lot. I could see Richard and Randy all the time we were supposed to be singing, and Randy came and got me after the program.

There was a violin and piano for the music, but we could hardly see the men playing because they were hidden behind cardboard figures of caterpillars and butterflies.

"We'll go now," said Randy, but I wanted to hear the music for just a minute. And Randy, who gave in to us more now, said we'd stay for just a little while.

The teachers urged the boys and girls to dance, and Miss String came and stood in front of Randy. "Now, with whom would you like to dance, Randy, and I'll get him for you." She looked tired and some of her hair had fallen out of the tight curls shooting up the sides of her head.

"Nobody," said Randy, "that is, I've got the next dance with Richard."

So she and Richard had to stand up, and I got to stay a while longer and watch. Randy and Richard looked so nice dancing together that I felt proud. Randy kept smiling at what Richard was saying, and I thought she was prettiest that way. When the dance ended, they came toward me.

"Randy, would you like to dance?" There was a big blonde boy on the other side of me, and I knew he was Ferg Oleson. Randy stood there by Richard and her face seemed paler than usual. She looked at Richard and then at me.

"I guess we were just going home, Ferg," Randy said.

The boy stood there very quiet, and then he said, "I gave Richard back the cowhide a long time ago, Randy." He shifted his feet and put one hand on his hip. "Miss String says we have to dance, and there's nobody I want to dance with except maybe you."

"Well," said Randy, and she

smiled very slowly. "Well, Ferg, I guess I'd like awfully to dance."

And right in front of me she put her hand on his shoulder and he put his on her waist. Then he looked at his feet and they began the steps of the dance. But Randy kept smiling all the while, and it was as if we were home and she was smiling at Martin or Martha Jane or me. And I watched because she looked so different from the way she used to be. I saw Ferg look at her, too. "She's my sister," I told the kids from my class.

We stayed for the whole afternoon, and Ferg walked home with us. Another boy wanted to also, but Ferg made us hurry and we missed him. Randy kept smiling and when she'd look up real suddenly, I noticed how dark her eyelashes were. Like Mama's, I thought. Why Randy looks like Mama! My throat went tight, because there was Randy all different, all *older*.

"Randy," I said, and Randy smiled at me. She's nice, I thought. She's nice like Mama, too. I looked at Ferg talking to Richard and staring at Randy. It was so easy now for Randy, she wouldn't even remember how it happened. I looked at the cracks in the sidewalk I was trying to miss, and then I looked back at Randy. She was very nice to look at, and I'd never even noticed before.

Mount Nebo. . . . at Nephi

Georgia Moore Eberling

The purple shadows drift across your face
With wisps of fog as delicate as lace.
The sunny meadows dreaming at your feet
Are emerald, and redolent with sweet
Red clover, and the mauve alfalfa blooms,
And wheat fields ripple bronze and tawny plumes.

I never raise my eyes to where you lift
Your mighty head above the clouds that drift
Across the sky, but that I think of him
Who rests upon another Nebo's dim,
Lone height, on far-off Moab's lonely strand,
This side of Jordan and the Promised Land.

Mount Nebo, calm, eternal vigil keeps
Above the unmarked grave where Moses sleeps.

Amphitheater

Ora Lee Parthesius

Clouds peer over the mountain,
Balcony-bare at its peak;
Then peopled with pine-tree shadows,
Balsams in rows at its feet—
Spectators, all—of the yellow
Dotted with lush willow-green,
Stage of tawny hay-wilderness,
The actors the hawk and the crane.

What The Relief Society Magazine Means to Me

Alice Morrey Bailey

(Address delivered at *The Relief Society Magazine* department of the annual general Relief Society conference, September 30, 1948)

TWELVE years ago I came to Salt Lake City determined to do something about my ambition to become a writer. I studied short story and poetry and joined groups that gave me help. Eventually, I took some of my poems to the editor of *The Relief Society Magazine*, who was then Sister Spafford.

It would be difficult to tell you how timid I felt, full of hope one minute and overwhelmed with fear the next. I know now that this was a very unprofessional approach to a magazine, but Sister Spafford was very patient and kind with me, and took the trouble to look at my work and to evaluate it.

I left her office with an understanding of the needs of the *Magazine*, and with the faith that I could produce work that filled them. In a short time some of my work appeared in *The Relief Society Magazine* and in *The Improvement Era*, and then it became published quite consistently often. Sister Spafford and I had a working agreement that I have always been proud of, and a fine relationship that encouraged me to do my best. Since then I have had many thrilling experiences, many great occasions of happiness connected with it that I should like to tell you about, but time will not permit.

When Sister Spafford was placed in the general presidency, I was selfishly dissapointed. I thought there would be an end to the lovely relationship I had built up with the *Magazine*, but that was not the case. I found that it countinued with Sister Sharp, and with Sister Crawford, that it is the spirit of Relief Society and of the *Magazine*.

I am grateful for this relationship, and for the outlet for my writing that the *Magazine* affords me. I know now that it is one of many aims—to develop the talent of Latter-day Saint women, and I am grateful to Eliza R. Snow, who was a gifted leader in this field. I have found that the *Magazine* literary standards are high, and that its make-up ranks with leading magazines. I have heard publishers comment on this. I am proud to have my work in it, and feel that it goes all over the world to the most select audience that could be found —the Latter-day Saints, and not only to women, either. I have found that many men read the *Magazine* with interest. I do not feel that any better poetry is published anywhere than is published in *The Relief Society Magazine*.

Writing was not my introduction to *The Relief Society Magazine*, however. Most magazines are published with a view to make money. *The Relief Society Magazine* is an expression of vast amounts of work in many fields. It is impossible to think of it without thinking of Relief Society work and its many phases. I have taught and worked in Relief Society in the city and in the country whenever I could. I have seen the lessons bring strength and courage to women everywhere. I have seen them impart knowledge and culture and increase the talents and abilities of women, help them to cope with the problems of everyday life, marital problems, parental problems, and social problems.

Several years ago I was returning from Sun Valley, Idaho. The bus to Shoshone was crowded with women who had been there holding a YWCA convention. There was only one seat left when I got on, and it was beside a very brilliant and cultured woman. We fell into conversation and when she found that I was from Utah, and a member of the Latter-day Saint Church, she began bombarding me with questions that had been burning within her for many years—questions she had asked of many religions, for many years, without once receiving satisfactory answers.

Fortunately, our religion has these answers, and I gave them to her to the best of my knowledge—for more than two hours. At the end of the trip she said: "I am so thankful that you sat beside me. It seems a miracle, but tell me, you must be older than you look, to have so much knowledge, to speak with such wisdom and authority. How long have you felt this way and known these things?"

I could not remember a time when I didn't have a testimony of the gospel, or understand the nature of God, and the working of his plans, and I told her so. But I thought about it afterwards, and I realized that this testimony had been gained gradually, by having my questions answered almost before I asked them.

My mother was a thorough Latter-day Saint, and she subscribed to all the Church periodicals. I had access to them all. She never threw away a back issue of one of them, but stacked them in the attic hoping to have them bound. Our family was large, and privacy was not always possible. To gain it I sometimes went to the attic to think and read.

I sorted out those magazines and read all the stories in all of them, faith-promoting incidents, and anything of a narrative nature. I learned the stand of the Church on the important principles of the gospel as they were illustrated in these stories. I never forgot some of them and their lessons became part of my thinking.

I should like *The Relief Society Magazine* to be available to every Latter-day Saint. I should like my stories to carry the great messages of the gospel, and I should like them to do for others what these pages have done for me, for they have helped to give me the most precious thing I have in my life—a testimony of the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Words and Music

Bernice Brown

I like to sing. You like to sing. Everybody likes to sing. Yet how seldom we realize the power in the strains of an old refrain.

Songs can evoke half-forgotten memories and touch the emotions. But most of all they can heal old wounds between friends and perhaps between nations.

Let me tell you what happened to me and see if you don't agree that people should talk less and sing more.

Shortly after the ink was dry on the document ending the last hostility, I found myself a somewhat unwilling guest in a German home, all because this particular family had a remote connection with friends of mine back home in America.

It was a raw, February night, damp, cold, and cheerless. Sad to relate, it was the same kind of night inside as it was outside.

There was more than a slight chill in the room, both in atmosphere and conversation. Fuel was at a premium then. Most of it was obtained by going to where it grew, cutting it down and dragging it back to the hearthside. As this was now a household of women, this was a far from simple procedure.

The mother, an intelligent, well-educated woman, had just returned from a day spent on hands and knees, scrubbing out certain United States army villas.

The sight of me, well-fed and resplendent in khaki, brought distaste, not welcome to her eyes.

Her teen-age daughter and young son extended to me the same warmth they would have to a coiled cobra. The good lady's sister-in-law tried valiantly to be unaware of my presence.

The head of this household didn't greet me either. He was still a prisoner of war in England.

I didn't shower them with any pink tea manners! To my mind, they deserved their misery, and I was pleased to see they were not enjoying it.

With such a Christian attitude afloat in the room, aided by my inability to say more than the simplest sentence in German, it is small wonder the evening didn't degenerate into a small hairpull, if not a large war.

It would have, too, except that the daughter, finding no solace in my company, walked over to the piano and began strumming idly on the keys.

By chance, she picked a melody as dear to me as it was to her, an ageless folk tune, hummed as much on my side of the Atlantic as it was on hers. Softly, she began singing the words in German.

Refusing to be daunted, I warmed up my vocal chords on the Yankee version of the same. From a technical standpoint, it sounded horrible. But it broke a lot of ice. Soon, everyone was clustered around the piano. The two alien tongues

(*Continued on page 574*)

Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts from the *Woman's Exponent*, August 1, and August 15, 1889

"For the Rights of the Women of Zion and the Rights of the Women of All Nations"

COMMENTS: The golden moments in the stream of life rush past us, and we see nothing but sand; the angels come to visit us, and we only know them when they are gone.—George Eliot

Our brains are seventy-year clocks. The angel of life winds them up once for all, then closes the case and gives the key into the hands of the angel of the resurrection.

EDITORIAL NOTES: When in Brigham City attending the Conference in June, Prs. Harriet A. Snow took the writer out to see the Sisters' granary, and it was a very great surprise to see how energetic the sisters had been, in building, and saving grain. It seemed such a model granary that we felt perhaps the sisters would like to have a description of it given to them in the *Exponent*. Mrs. Emilie D. Madsen has furnished some particulars. The dimensions of the granary are 43½ feet long and 21½ feet wide, 12 feet high, built of bricks and covered with an iron roof. It is divided into apartments so that the grain can be moved from one to another. The sisters have a considerably large quantity of grain stored, and prospects of more and it is to be hoped other settlements will take pattern from them and build substantial granaries and fill them with grain for it will surely be needed.

JUAB STAKE: The forty-fourth Quarterly Conference of the Relief Society of the Juab Stake of Zion was held in the Nephi Tabernacle Friday June 21st, 1889. "We should cultivate our faith in the gospel and confidence in the Priesthood. No one should think her own example is unfelt or unnoticed. We should use the best of language, exercise as much or more faith and patience at home than anywhere. We are rewarded as we go along in the consciousness of doing right, besides the great reward we expect when our work is finished. The Lord has wonderfully blessed the Relief Society since its organization." Spoke of the storing of grain, and of the calamities that were coming upon the inhabitants of the earth. "We know the prophecies are being fulfilled, and we should be prepared to render aid temporally as well as spiritually."

—M. E. Teasdale, Sec.

Little by little the torrent said
As it swept along its narrow bed,
Chafing in wrath and pride.
Little by little and day by day,
And with every wave it bore away
A grain of sand from the banks which lay
Like granite walls on either side.

EDITORIAL NOTES: Mrs. Zina D. H. Young, General President of the Relief Society left the city on Wednesday, August 7, on a tour through Beaver, Panguitch, and Millard Stakes. Aunt Zina remained over night at Springville on her way, to visit her brother Oliver Huntington who resides there, and resumed her journey the following day August 8 having been joined by Mrs. Minerva W. Snow. These sisters proceeded direct to Milford, where they were met by a carriage from Beaver, and held meeting Friday Aug. 9, at Minersville, and afterwards meeting on the way to Greenville and Adamsville, arriving at Beaver, Saturday night where they expected to remain about three days, and from there go to Panguitch.

Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

THE National Mothers Committee of the Golden Rule Foundation chose Pearle Owens Gillis as the American mother of the year. Mrs. Gillis, a tiny, Kentucky-born woman, sixty years old, is the wife of a postal worker in Fort Worth, Texas. She reared six children of her own and helped to rear and educate eight others. They are engaged in many responsible positions, including some in radio and college teaching.

OF the more than 1500 graduates of the University of Utah for 1949, only one student, a girl—Betty Glad—qualified for both the national honorary scholastic society, the Phi Beta Kappa, and the Utah honorary scholastic and activity society, Beehive. Betty was one of three girls and four men to be inducted into Beehive, and one of eight girls and fourteen men to be accepted into Phi Beta Kappa.

CLARA LEISER is the organizer of the "Youth of All Nations" group, which now has a membership of 18,000 young letter writers. Young people exchange ideas with individuals of different nationalities, and clear up misunderstandings and try to further the cause of harmony and peace in the world. All countries except Russia participate.

ABBIE REES MADSEN, of Brigham City, was chosen Utah mother for 1949. She is the mother of fourteen children, thirteen of whom are living. All have had some college training. At her peak of activity, Mrs. Madsen baked fifty pounds of flour into bread every week and canned five hundred quarts of fruit a season. Mrs. Madsen did Red Cross work during the recent war and took a course in polio nursing. She served fifteen years on a Relief Society stake board.

GRACE SAYRE, of Pasadena, California, a popular contributor of poetry to Church, as well as national publications, has a book of poems just off the press entitled, *Remembered Aprils*. These poems are principally sonnets and nature lyrics, with considerable heart appeal.

JENNIE CAMPBELL, director of elementary education in Utah, was greatly honored in being elected international president of the Association for Childhood Education at its convention in Salt Lake City. The association aims to promote peace through international education and mutual understanding. It numbers fifty thousand educators from all countries.

EDITORIAL

VOL. 36 AUGUST 1949 NO. 8

Television in the Home

WITH the ever-increasing introduction of television into the homes of America, that most fundamental cradle of life, the home, may be due for another major adjustment.

Television has been hailed as an important medium in turning the attention back to the home as the center of recreation. Already architects are planning new homes with special provision for the viewing of television by family groups and larger audiences.

As television draws the members of the family closer together under the parental roof, it will be working for good. However, at this stage of its development, one is led to wonder what percentage of the presentations will be worthwhile or even unobjectionable. Many parents have been exercised over the quality of many of the radio programs and now in addition to hearing programs one will also see them.

Latter-day Saint parents, perhaps, will be more fearful of the presentation of this new medium, than many other parents. Hitherto Latter-day Saints have always been able to keep their homes relatively free from objectionable sights. Whatever a child might see outside his home he had within his home an atmosphere and example of righteousness and proper living.

Now there comes seeking admittance into the home television shows which portray and encourage practices condemned by Latter-day Saints. The previous sound effects of a "light up" on a radio program cannot compare in allurement with a recent visual presentation of a popular performer lighting and smoking at once a novel arrangement of many cigarettes. Also to be taken into account is the oft-repeated remark, "the shows on Sunday are the best, and the ballgames shown then are very interesting."

Latter-day Saints are realists and as such they know that television is here to stay and that it possesses untold potentialities for good. As in other things, Church members must cull the good and reject that not in keeping with Church standards. As realists, they also know that many precious hours each day could be spent by their children in viewing worthless or even harmful presentations.

Every Latter-day Saint parent, therefore, whose children have access to a television set should make it a point to know what is being shown that they may lay down rules for the proper guidance of their children. These days are days of severe testing and only through continual watchfulness and careful guarding may Latter-day Saint parents fulfill the obligations toward their children which the Lord has placed upon them.

M.C.S.

Notes TO THE FIELD

Relief Society Handbook of Instructions Ready for Distribution

THE long-awaited *Handbook of Instructions of the Relief Society* of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints will be ready for distribution July 15th. This handbook contains official instructions on Relief Society policies and procedures and a detailed index for ready reference. It will be invaluable to stake, ward, mission, and branch officers. Send orders to the General Board of Relief Society, 28 Bishop's Building, Salt Lake City 1, Utah, 60 cents each, postpaid.

Appreciation for Duplicate Lists of Contributors to Relief Society Building Fund

THE general board wishes to express appreciation to the stakes, wards, missions, and branches for the duplicate lists of contributors to the Relief Society Building Fund which have been received in the office. They have been carefully and beautifully written and great credit is due those who inscribed the lists. When the bound volume of contributors' names is on display in the Relief Society Building, the appearance of the volume will be a source of gratification to all members of Relief Society throughout the world.

Watch Your Magazine Expiration Date

BE sure to watch the expiration month printed on the address label of your *Magazine*. All subscriptions whether new or renewal must reach the office of the *Magazine* one full month in advance of the issue with which the subscription is to begin.

Table Settings and Flower Arrangements

Mary Grant Judd

Member, Relief Society General Board

[This is the fifth in a series of short articles on table decorations, flower arrangements, and related subjects. In the coming months Sister Judd will present other suggestions suitable to particular subjects.—Ed.]

QUESTION: When is a weed not a weed? Answer: When it is glamourized.

Technically speaking, a weed is any one of those herbaceous plants which are useless, especially those which are positively troublesome in a field, orchard, or garden. The application of this general definition is, however, somewhat relative. The exotics of cool countries are sometimes weeds in the tropics. Handsome, but pernicious plants, are weeds to the agriculturalist, flowers to the aesthetic. It all simmers down to what you see in a weed and what use you make of it.

It is my pleasure to introduce to you this month Frances Aveson Wiscomb, a woman who has discovered for herself that the lowly weed can become a thing of exquisite beauty. From an interesting personal hobby, Mrs. Wiscomb's decorating of weeds has grown to such proportions that, within the last few months, she has opened her own florist shop.

Mrs. Wiscomb likes best working in dainty pastel colors, although, at Christmas time, she adds festive reds and greens, both of which combine nicely with the more delicate colors which she enjoys for most of the year. I feel sure that many of our readers will become interested in attempting some of these "Cinderella Flowers" after reading the following article.

Glamour Weeds

Frances Aveson Wiscomb

MOST of us pay very little attention to the weeds we pass along the highway and in the fields, and yet "Fairy Flowers," "Snow Flowers," or "Glamour Weeds" are indeed descriptive and appropriate names for these seemingly uninteresting plants, once they have been dried, dipped, and brushed with cold water paint, and sprinkled with "artificial snow," "diamond dust," or the like.

Plants to be painted should be gathered in the fall, after they have gone to seed, dried, and turned brown. It is hard to imagine the interesting forms and shapes found in dried plants. Many change after seeding beyond recognition and become even more interesting than when in bloom. Some weeds, which look as if they would paint up beautifully, prove very disappointing, while others, which at first look doubtful, turn out to be exquisite. Some varieties of cultivated garden flowers and grains can be painted

with most satisfying results. However, it is necessary for all plants used in this process to be sturdy enough to hold the paint. It is this experimenting with the different forms that makes this a very interesting hobby.

Many people have been attracted by the cattail and milkweed, and have brought them into the home to enhance the corner of a room or to fill an odd vase. The brown, velvety cattails, both small and large, combined with golden or biege stalks of ripened wheat or barley, make an unusually attractive display. Wheat barley, and grass are soft and wavy. Few people, however, realize their warm beauty, when painted gold and arranged in figurines or long, low bowls.

The milkweed, with its cradle pod that curls in various shapes, is particularly interesting in a bouquet. The sturdy thistle, or burr, with the long prongs painted in either pastel or gold, provides a very fine focal point, while the common sunflower, with its dried sepals and dried center, becomes an interesting unit in the arrangement.

THE tumbleweed is a delicate piece when painted. It is very prickly to separate and paint, but rewards you for your effort by providing a pretty background for an arrangement. Fine, lacy plants, such as baby's-breath, dill, or mustard grass, painted in pastel shades, and combined with wild barley and wheat, make fragile, delicate bouquets. Dill is extremely fragile, but gives the appearance of tiny stars and is beautiful when used in a table centerpiece. It should never be crowded so that the beauty of its form is lost in the bouquet.

Another of the finer plants is the rattlesnake grass. This grows about as tall as June grass, turning tan or beige when dry. Although sealed when painted, there are little rattles on the end of each stem which, when dry, blow in the wind and re-

Swensen

semble the rattle of the rattlesnake.

When you are in the canyon this summer, look for small, odd-shaped branches or long, well-shaped pine cones. The pine cones can be tipped with silver or completely dipped, and can be used in many clever ways at Christmas time.

In displaying painted weeds, either flat or deep containers may be used. A little wallpaper cleaner provides an excellent frog, as the stems can be secured without breaking, and when the base hardens, the display is permanently placed. The base may be covered with silver tin foil, or small, colored pebbles, or even weathered stones. Many of the same rules that apply to floral arrangements can also be effectively applied to these glamourous weeds. Their combinations with each other are numerous, or they can even be combined with a few fresh flowers from your garden or some blooms from the florist shop in the wintertime when prices make a large display of cut flowers prohibitive. This, again, opens up another field for experimentation.

Swensen

There is a great deal of satisfaction to be derived from fashioning decorations with materials one has collected and preserved. Not only are they appropriate and practical, but they provide casual, economical and—yes, indeed—*glamorous* decorations.

Wisteria Blossoms

Grace Sayre

How may one keep this opaled sheen
When fragile sprays will bloom?
How may one keep this beauty whole
And perfect as a feathery plume
Upon a trellis, lifted up
Against the sun's bright spell?
How may one keep its fragrance pure
But in the heart's deep well?

For here each waxen bloom will shed
A lilac-petaled grace—
And here, beneath these arbored flowers,
Hold back time's speeding pace,
Remembering all the rainbow hues
In early summer's night
Where, pendant in the fragrant dusk,
Wisteria sheds its light.

Joanna

Margery S. Stewart

Chapter 8

Synopsis: Joanna, who had married David Niels against the wishes of her family, is left a widow with four children to support and care for. Courageously, she takes inventory of her meager resources. A neighbor gives her a sack of navy beans and Joanna decides to make Boston-baked beans for sale. Another neighbor, Abigail Smith, offers to help with ideas and transportation. From a slow and unpromising beginning, they build a profitable business. Joanna decides that she must have a better home. Kent Taylor, acting temporarily as a salesman, shows her a house on a hill, which Joanna cannot afford to buy. Unexpectedly, however, she is offered $5,000 for her recipe for Boston-baked beans, and she buys the roomy, comfortable house. In order to attend a P.T.A. meeting where her son is going to sing a solo, Joanna breaks a date with Kent Taylor just before he leaves town. Joanna and Abigail open a new store and Joanna finds her life enriched with many new friends and the abiding love of her children.

JOANNA went on to the party for a famous young pianist, feeling richer than Croesus in gold and love. Her partner for the evening was Jordan Palmer, a teacher of English at the University. He was a solemn man who wore horn-rimmed glasses and talked a good deal about the war in Europe. The conquest of Norway had filled him with a hot impatience. The group around him grew larger, their arguments warmer.

Joanna listened, a chill creeping around her heart when he said, "We cannot stand aside and see small nations devoured. This is our world. What good is it, if we are strong or rich when the rest of the world is hungry and exhausted? What men are we, if, being free, we stand quietly in our strength while weaker men are enslaved?"

"Oh, it's all very well for you to talk," Joanna said hotly. "But our sons are the ones who must do the fighting. My David is eighteen...."

He bent his gaze on her. "That is the tragedy of this day."

Joanna looked impatiently away from him and into a pair of eyes that smiled into hers in delight and welcome.

"Kent!" she said, and her heart began a thick thudding in her breast. "Why, Kent!"

"Joanna!" He stepped forward and took her hands. "I never dreamed of such luck, just running into you, my first night home." He smiled easily at Jordan Palmer. "You don't mind if I walk off with her? Joanna and I are very old friends." He drew her out of the group, smiling his easy, arrogant smile, to which people responded so quickly.

She had forgotten how red his hair was, how very tall he was, but the golden peace that flooded her was familiar and beautiful. "You were away for a long time."

"Europe. Finally found a place where I really fitted." He found two chairs in an alcove and held one for her. "I'm a newspaper man now."

"I know. I read about it in the

evening paper. They had a picture of you. It wasn't very good, or is it that only your hair is . . . beautiful?"

He laughed with her. "I saw your new shop when I drove in tonight. Neon lights and everything. You are doing well."

Jordan Palmer, not so easily vanquished, had followed them. He said shortly, "We're very proud of Joanna's progress. I never pass her shop but I think of the courage that made it possible."

"Courage?" Kent said. "Nothing but sheer obstinacy. Heaven help us, if Joanna should want to be president."

Palmer flushed angrily, but Joanna's heart quickened. Her mind was a whirl of questions. How long would he stay? How did she look to him? Was the garnet velvet as becoming as she had thought it in the shop?

JORDAN Palmer and Kent talked of world conditions. Joanna listened. She wished, helplessly, that Jordan would take himself off to Cheyenne or India. But he stayed doggedly until Kent himself, rose, bowed, and said to Joanna, "A Taylor is like a boy scout, resourceful, did you know?"

Joanna laughed with him, not knowing why. "Goodbye, Kent, it's been good to see you." She watched him thread his way through the groups of people. She felt a sense of loss and desolation.

Jordan Palmer took a quick breath of victory. "These people who are in the thick of things don't seem to get the overall picture . . . Now my idea is . . . ."

Joanna nodded and smiled and heard not a word, impatient for the evening to be ended, so she could be alone and remember every instant.

But it was past eleven when she persuaded Jordan that she was tired. She listened politely while he told of his work, refused a luncheon engagement, and finally made her escape.

She opened the front door with a sigh of relief and went into the living room.

Kent Taylor looked up from the deep-blue chair by the fireplace. He was holding a skein of red yarn for Abigail who was winding it into a ball and regaling him with all the important events of the Niels family.

"This is what I learned in scout class . . . if you can't fight a man, think of another way out. I came to take you for a ride."

The completely dazzled Abigail lifted the yarn from his hands. "I could have done it by myself all along, only it always does me good to see a man doing chores." She smiled at Joanna. "I'll stay here all night, so stay as late as you like."

"We won't be long." Helplessly Joanna wondered at the excitement hammering at her throat.

She tried to look dispassionately at Kent's red hair. There were gray threads in it, she saw. She tried to examine his face as lightly as if he had been just any man. But there was something special to her in every feature, the blunt lines of his nose and chin, the crooked, sandy brows, the lines in his forehead.

"I'm a homely beast," he said, and took her arm. "Let's go."

She bit her lip. "I'm sorry I

stared. I just wanted to know what the years had done to you. Years are so much kinder to men."

He led her down to the car, seated her, and went around and slid under the wheel. "You will always be lovely, Joanna, good bones, and then you don't busy yourself."

"Busy myself?"

"So many women look busy, hair, gewgaws, make-up, like a crowded what-not shelf."

Joanna chuckled, "And Mr. Palmer was saying on the way down that he loathed 'plain women,' who never wore a trinket to soften their austerity. You see, it's a wonderful thing that different men like different women."

HE drove swiftly away from the house and up to the highway that hugged the mountains.

"It's strange, Joanna, I didn't feel that I was home, until I saw you. I walked the streets I've walked a thousand times, and I felt a complete stranger. Then I went to the party and saw your face . . . and suddenly I was home and at peace." He took her hand from her lap and held it palm up in his own.

"Tell me about the places you've been." She listened to him, the sound of his voice like waves washing over her heart. It's absurd, she thought, that this should happen to me. But it's been here all the time, this feeling for Kent . . . ever since the first time I saw him. I never knew before that such things were. This is what musicians strive to put in their songs and poets into their writing. I'm thirty-seven. It's absurd. She struggled to release her hand.

"Don't, Joanna. This is right . . . familiar. As if I had come home to a well-loved hearth."

It was late when Kent turned the car in the direction of town. "Are you hungry? I'm starved."

"I'm famished." Joanna peered out at the highway signs. "Let's stop here, 'The Green Lady.' It's a new place. I've been wondering what it's like. They use my products exclusively."

"They seem to be doing a land-office business." He eased into the parking area and after a search found a place for the car. Music spilled out of the building. They opened the door to its joyous beating, and to the quick laughter of young throats. The place was blue with tobacco smoke and acrid with the smell of beer. Joanna wrinkled her nose. "I don't think I'd like to eat here, after all."

Kent nodded. "It is a dive. I'm sure we can find something better."

Joanna took a quick look at the dancers before she turned to go. The girls seemed incredibly young. They wore sweaters and skirts. Their hair shone silkily in the soft lights.

Kent opened the door for her. A young boy, seventeen or eighteen, staggered in.

He surveyed them blindly, stumbling into them. "Scuse me. But you ought not to get in people's way. Can't you see? I've something terribly important to do. Terribly important . . . if I can jus' remember what it is."

Joanna's heart reached out to him. He was so young, so appealing with his thick shock of brown, curly hair, and his thickly lashed blue eyes and

his white, square teeth. She wanted to shake him and send him home to a hot tub and a glass of milk and a good scolding.

"Tom?" Kent's voice was sharp. "What are you doing here?"

The boy peered at him. "Why if it isn't Kent Taylor." He shook his finger. "What are you doing, gallivanting around? I ought to take care of Dad's bosom friend."

Kent took the boy's arm. "Better let me take you home."

The boy shook him off. "Home, he says, home! Why, why it's just the shank of the evening. You've been old too long, you and Dad. Nowadays the young folks stay up all hours."

The boy flung himself away. "Sure I'm stinko, but I've got a date n' everything. I'm a grown laddie, look at me." He floundered into the dancers and was lost.

KENT shook his head. "Brother! They seem to be starting younger every year." He held the door open for Joanna.

She took deep breaths of the dark, star-flung night. "Let's just go home, Kent. I don't want people tonight. I don't want anything about this evening to be spoiled."

He caught her hand and drew her close against his side. "You're different, Joanna, clean as wind and starlight and swift water." In the dark shadow of the parked car he held her face in his hands. "I've wanted this moment since the first time I saw you."

Joanna stood very still, waiting for his kiss. The wind ruffled her hair. She felt as though the whole night closed around her in beauty, as though stars were wound in her hair and clouds were scarves for her shoulders.

"I love you," Kent Taylor said. "I should have told you before. Think of me running second to a P.T.A. meeting."

"I still go to them," she warned, but breathlessly, because his kiss was still sweet on her lips.

He helped her into the car and went around and slid under the wheel. Joanna watched the light glow in his hair when he turned on the ignition.

When they were once again on the highway he turned to her. "I'll have six months in this country, before I have to go back. But I'm due in New York next Wednesday. Will you go back with me, Joanna . . . as Mrs. Kent Taylor?"

Six months with Kent! Quickly Joanna thought of her children, the shops. Abigail would take care of the children, see that they were fed and clothed and washed behind their ears. There was a young girl in the shops, Betsy Flanders. She was a born executive. She would look after things. Joanna leaned her head against the seat. She smiled up at Kent's anxious face. "Six months is such a little while."

He took a deep breath of relief. "It isn't much, but it's ever so much more than I dared dream I would have." He smiled down at her. "We're going to have a wonderful life together . . . you wait and see."

Joanna hid her face against his sleeve. Life had given her so much more than she had dreamed of having . . . and now this.

(To be continued)

Suggestions for a Work Meeting Luncheon

Christine Eaton

THE following menu was served at a work meeting in our ward during the cold weather at a very moderate cost:

VEGETABLE SOUP

(Serves 35-40)

- 10 large carrots
- 1 head of cabbage
- 2 stalks celery
- 3 large cans of tomatoes
- 5 onions
- 1 bunch parsley
- 10 quarts water
- 8 medium-sized potatoes
- ½ cup alphabet noodles or rice
- drippings or shortening

Cut all vegetables small and cook slowly until all vegetables are tender. Add a little drippings or shortening and all but ¼ cup of the veal stock left from the preparation of the sandwich spread, given below.

SANDWICH SPREAD

(For 35-40 sandwiches)

- 1 veal shank (about 2 lbs.)
- 1 bay leaf
- 1 onion
- 2 or 3 cloves
- few pepper corns
- 3 whole allspice
- a piece of celery
- 1 carrot
- salt to taste

Boil all ingredients until meat is very tender in sufficient water to cover the meat. Let water boil down to about two cups so as to give all the flavor possible to the meat. Take meat from bone and grind it. Season to your taste, adding a little of the stock (¼ cup). Mix with salad dressing or mayonnaise enough to make good spread. Add rest of meat stock to soup.

CARAMEL SUGAR COOKIES

(5 dozen cookies, 2 inches in diameter)

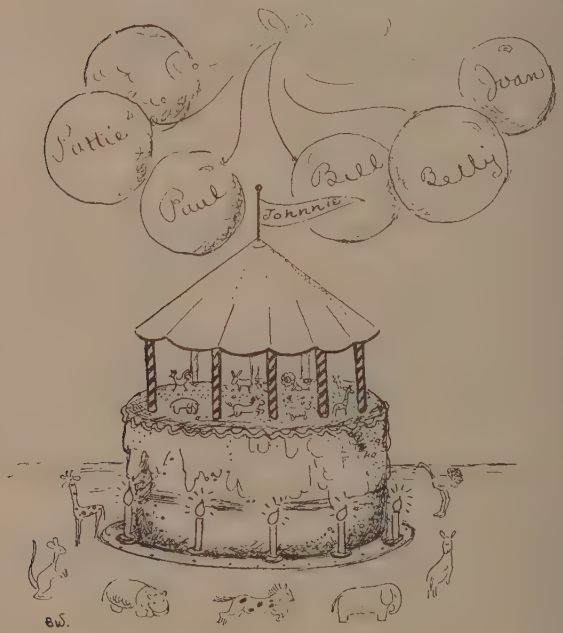
- 1 cup shortening
- 1 cup white sugar
- ½ cup brown sugar
- 1 tsp. salt
- 3 eggs, beaten
- 2 tsp. vanilla
- 3¾ cup flour
- ½ tsp. soda

Cream shortening, add white and brown sugar, sifted, and cream well. Add beaten eggs and vanilla. Sift flour, salt, and soda, and combine with cookie mixture. Chill and roll about ¼ inch thick and sprinkle with white sugar. Bake in moderate oven 350° F., for ten to twelve minutes.

A Circus Is Always Fun

Rachel K. Laurgaard

Illustrations by Elizabeth Williamson



WHAT boy or girl does not love a circus—even a make-believe one? And where could you find a better let's-pretend merry-go-round than a birthday cake?

A shallow cone made of heavy paper is held aloft by means of striped peppermint candystick poles over a cake glittering with colored, sugar-sprinkled icing. The flag flying from its peak proclaims the name of the birthday child.

A collection of tiny animals march around the cake top, or larger ones encircle it on the tablecloth, with birthday candles marching in between. No doubt, each small guest has his eye on a favorite animal. So, when it is cake-cutting time, he may obtain the beast of his choice for his very own by imitating its call.

Make animal place cards with cute button-faces, using old-fashioned bone panty-waist buttons—they have such good eyes. If you cannot sketch animals well enough to make place cards, it is fun to cut them from magazines or newspapers, or picture books where you may be able to find the animals in color. Then paste the cut-outs on cardboard and at-

tach, with tape or glue, a strip of cardboard to support the animal so that it will stand up.

Don't forget to hang plenty of balloons from the chandelier, to float down into each pair of outstretched arms when the cake and ice cream have disappeared.

At any party—circus—or otherwise, there is no doubt but the children are the clowns—bless their merry hearts! Provide them all with peaked clown hats of bright-colored construction paper, with crepe-paper ruffs gathered on a string around their necks. And with popcorn and peanuts and "Crackerjack," who says the circus hasn't come to town!

Song for Deep Summer

Dorothy J. Roberts

The linnet sings no longer
After the woven cup
To cradle mate and birdlings
Once is up.

His skeins of lovely music,
Now, are wound
Upon the summer's spindle
Of remembered sound,

And should my throat stop threading—
For this—the dusky air,
With the shuttle of its singing,
I would not care.

A Sapling

Edna S. Dustin

A boy is much like a sapling tree,
Awake with the dawn, his cares leaf free.
He squashes the earth through his firm young toes,
And wiggles and stretches to height—he bows
To the curve of the nearest breeze
And thrives on pruning; his knotted knees
Are always out for the sun to kiss.
His restless fingers never miss
Toying with beetle or butterfly;
His tendril faith climbs the sun-washed sky.
With loving hands and a little care,
A sapling is certain to grow anywhere.

NOTES FROM THE FIELD

Margaret C. Pickering, General Secretary-Treasurer

All material submitted for publication in this department should be sent through stake and mission Relief Society presidents. See regulations governing the submittal of material for "Notes From the Field" in the *Magazine* for April 1948, page 274.

RELIEF SOCIETY ANNIVERSARY SOCIALS, BAZAARS, AND OTHER ACTIVITIES

Photograph submitted by Harriet D. Foutz

YOUNG STAKE (NEW MEXICO), ANNIVERSARY BANQUET
March 17, 1949

The wards of Kirtland and Farmington and the branches of Shiprock, Waterflow, and Aztec celebrated the Relief Society Anniversary with a "potluck" banquet, interspersed with a lively program or readings, singing, and toasts. The photograph shows only part of the 250 officers, members, and guests who participated. A portion of the large birthday cake may be seen on the table.

Harriet D. Foutz is president of Young Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Carrol F. Wells

TIMPANOGOS STAKE (UTAH) HONORS VISITING TEACHERS WHO HAVE SERVED CONTINUOUSLY FOR TWENTY-FIVE YEARS OR MORE

Standing left to right: Stake President Merrill N. Warnick; Stake Relief Society President Carrol F. Wells.

Standing, third from right: Secretary-Treasurer Blanche W. Green.

This social was held April 23, 1949, in honor of the visiting teachers, with special recognition for those who have served continuously for twenty-five years or more by giving each a copy of *A Centenary of Relief Society*. Also noted as an outstanding achievement was the record of the Pleasant Grove Third Ward in completing a record of 100 per cent visiting teaching for the last twenty-eight years.

Carrol F. Wells is president of Timpanogos Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Kathryn Merrill

TWIN FALLS STAKE (IDAHO), KIMBERLY WARD RELIEF SOCIETY PRESIDENTS ASSEMBLED AT ANNIVERSARY PARTY, March 17, 1949

Front row, left to right: Mary Glenn; Zella Morrill; Ethel Glenn; Rebecca Morrill.

Back row, left to right: Edith Warr; Nina Beth Cunningham, present president, Kimberly Ward Relief Society.

Sarah Sudweeks, now of Provo, Utah, was not present when the photograph was taken.

Kathryn Merrill is president of Twin Falls Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Zella B. Johnston

SOUTH SUMMIT STAKE (UTAH), PARK CITY FIRST WARD RELIEF SOCIETY ANNIVERSARY PARTY, March 16, 1949

Front row, center, standing back of the birthday cake, left to right: President Iola Hall; First Counselor Florence Lindstrom; Second Counselor Crissie Winn.

Zella B. Johnston is president of South Summit Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by LaNola C. Driggs

LIBERTY STAKE (SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH), SOUTH SECOND WARD RELIEF SOCIETY ANNIVERSARY BANQUET, March 16, 1949

Seated at extreme left: Ida Terry.

Standing at the back of the table: First Counselor Etta Egli; President Florence Wiseman; Second Counselor Mae Walker; Secretary Ruth Kroescher.

Seated at the head of the table: Stake President A. Lewis Elggren and across from him, his wife, Mildred P. Elggren.

Seated at left side, left to right: Lottie Gamble; former ward Relief Society officers: Rose Spratt; Lillian Rich; Mary Sanderson; Thelma Brimley; Kate B. Carter; Alfreda Covey.

Seated at table, right hand side, left to right: former stake Relief Society president Cornelia S. Lund; present stake President LaNola C. Driggs; First Counselor Elda D. Miller; Second Counselor Lillian B. Forsgren; Secretary Edna P. Pulham; Elizabeth Felstrom, eighty years old, an expert quilter; ward organist Magna Watson.

Photograph submitted by Harriet C. Leishman

HYRUM STAKE (UTAH) SINGING MOTHERS FURNISH MUSIC FOR STAKE CONFERENCE, EASTER SUNDAY, APRIL 17, 1949

Ethelyn Carver is stake chorister, with Beulah Jensen as organist and Reta Poppleton at the pipe organ.

Harriet C. Leishman is president of Hyrum Stake Relief Society

Photograph submitted by Holly W. Fisher

WESTERN CANADIAN MISSION, DAWSON CREEK BRANCH RELIEF SOCIETY MEMBERS DISPLAY WELFARE QUILT

Left to right: Mrs. Schoonover; Elder Walter; Mrs. Boyce; Mrs. Young; Audrey Young; Mrs. McClarity; Mrs. Shields; Elder Sonntag; Mrs. Lutz.

This Relief Society branch, 1,000 miles north of the United States border, has nine members, with only two Latter-day Saint women among them, Sister Young and her daughter. They have made welfare quilts, held bazaars, and attended their meetings faithfully. When one of the members could not attend the meeting, the meeting was brought to her home. The elders in this isolated community also enjoy Relief Society work.

Holly W. Fisher is president of the Western Canadian Mission Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Leona B. Sonne

PALESTINE-SYRIAN MISSION, ALEPPO BRANCH RELIEF SOCIETY PRESIDENCY

Left to right: Leona B. Sonne, President, European Mission Relief Society; First Counselor, Aleppo Branch, Elisa Ouzounian; President Mary Hindian; Second Counselor Mary Bezjian; Berta Piranian, President, Palestine-Syrian Mission Relief Socity.

In reporting her recent visit to the Palestine-Syrian Mission, Sister Sonne commends the devoted efforts of Sister Berta W. Piranian in promoting the welfare of the small branches and in supervising visits to the aged and homebound sisters. "Sister Piranian is energetic and faithful, and I feel sure she will continue her efforts to build up a good organization in the two branches of the Church in the Palestine-Syrian Mission. Our trip to the Holy Land was full of interest and rare experiences . . . . It is hoped that in the near future a branch of the Church will be established in Jerusalem. This is the ambition of Brother and Sister Piranian."

Photograph submitted by Ivie H. Jones

SPANISH-AMERICAN MISSION, TEMPE (ARIZONA) BRANCH RELIEF SOCIETY OFFICERS

Left to right: Second Counselor Virginia Martinez; President Josefa Arrendondo; First Counselor Maria P. Gutierrez; Mission Relief Society President Ivie H. Jones.

Photograph submitted by Mary S. Ellsworth

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA MISSION, CHOWCHILLA BRANCH, CONDUCTS BAZAAR AND FOOD SALE, March 10, 1949

Left to right: Ina Clay; Neva Rencher; Savonna Christofferson; Fern Wallace; First Counselor Virginia Kane; President Guinivere Hatch; Secretary Nellie Powell; Second Counselor Violet Fancher; Verna Christofferson; Gladys Wright; Arlene Stark; Velma Gordon; Nellie Beddes.

Note the display of useful aprons in many different patterns and the handwork displayed on the table.

Amelia P. Gardner is president of the Northern California Mission Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Gladys Clifford

NORTHWESTERN STATES MISSION, THE DALLES (OREGON) BRANCH RELIEF SOCIETY ANNIVERSARY BANQUET, March 17, 1949

Front row, seated, left to right: Secretary-Treasurer Hazel Clark; Second Counselor Nita Hoffman; President Gladys Clifford; First Counselor Edith Sorenson.

Back row, standing, left to right: Lillian Eastman; Erma Mulkins; Ruby Christensen; Ellen Butterfield; Mabel Homer; Mabel Maurus; Letitia Rhodes; Elizabeth Butler; Mildred Dyer; Louise Genung; Velma Page; Margaret Montgomery; Viola Harmon; Eleanor Harmon.

Theology—The Life and Ministry of the Savior

Lesson 18—"Our Lord's Ministry In Perea and Judea"

Elder Don B. Colton

(Reference: *Jesus the Christ*, Chapter 26, by Elder James E. Talmage)

For Tuesday, November 1, 1949

Objective: To demonstrate that Jesus taught a plan of life capable of saving all who will repent and obey him.

His Rejection in Samaria

THERE is a wide variance among the synoptic writers as to the sequence of events in the life of Christ during the last few months of his earthly life. It seems clear that, after the events discussed in lesson 17, he went into Perea and possibly into a small part of Samaria. This time, however, racial prejudice overcame their hospitality, and the Samaritans rejected Jesus because he was going toward Jerusalem and was a Jew. On his previous visit he had been gladly received and entreated to remain.

James and John, the Sons of Thunder, resented the disrespect shown their Master and wanted the Lord to command that fire should come from heaven and consume his enemies, "even as Elias did." (Read II Kings 1:10-12.) Jesus rebuked them saying: ". . . Ye know not what manner of spirit ye are of. For the Son of man is not come to destroy men's lives, but to save them . . ." (Luke 9:55-56). Let us remember that thought. The purpose of Jesus is to save. Leaving the Samaritan village with no bitterness, the group went to another, as the Lord had instructed the twelve to do. This was one of his great lessons on tolerance, charity, patience, and long-suffering. He had the power to avenge a wrong, but, instead of using it, he chose to forgive.

It may be parenthetically observed that most of the soul-touching incidents of this and other journeys were recorded only by Luke. He was a physician and has been called the humanitarian of the synoptic writers. Every miracle of healing recorded by the other synoptic writers in the New Testament is also recorded by Luke and, in addition, he records many not mentioned by the others. Luke gives the incident of the three men who wanted to become disciples of Christ on conditions. One hesitated to enter the ministry because of the

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From a Painting by Hofmann (1824-1894)

CHRIST IN THE HOME OF MARY AND MARTHA

hardships entailed; one wanted first to bury his father; and the other wanted to bid his loved ones farewell. Jesus taught each of them a great lesson. Service in the kingdom of God supersedes other duties.

The Seventy Charged and Sent

About this time Jesus called the seventy to assist the twelve in the ministry. He sent them: "two and two before his face into every city and place whither he himself would come." (Read carefully Luke 10:1-12.) With the calling and sending forth of the seventy, the work of the ministry was greatly expanded. They were not restrained, as the twelve had been at first, from going to the towns in Samaria or even to the Gentiles. Jesus himself began going into Gentile territory. His plan provided for taking the gospel to all the world. He must make that plain before he finished his mortal career. He gave us proof by sending his authorized ministers to non-Jewish people. The Lord's work is progressive. At first it was confined to Israel but, during his lifetime and immediately following his resurrection, he inaugurated a plan to have the gospel preached to all the world. "For the promise is unto you, and to your children, and to all that are afar off, even as many as the Lord our God shall call" (Acts 2:39).

The Seventy Return

When the seventy returned and reported their labors, Jesus rejoiced at their faithfulness. They had exercised in righteousness the powers he had given them. He told them to rejoice because they were accepted of the Lord rather than because they had power over evil spirits. Jesus always turned to his Father, whether in joy or in sorrow.

Who Is My Neighbor?

Probably soon after the return of the seventy, an incident occurred which drew from the Savior one of his most valuable and appreciated parables. Luke tells us that a "certain lawyer" asked a question to tempt Jesus. It was probably done to embarrass the Lord. He put this question: "Master, what shall I do to inherit eternal life?" The great teacher replied with a counter question—often the most effective way. "What is written into the law? how readest thou?" The man readily showed that he was familiar with the law and replied: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind; and thy neighbour as thyself." The answer was correct and Jesus said: "This do, and thou shalt live." Then the lawyer made further inquiry: "And who is my neighbour?" (Luke 10:25-29). The Savior then gave him and all of us the Parable of the Good Samaritan (Luke 10:30-37). It should be carefully read. It is not only a great story but is rich in precious lessons. (The story can be made more graphic by use of a map showing the location of Jericho and Jerusalem and the account of how the road between them was infested with robbers.) Many priests and Levites lived at Jericho. Picture the victim of the robbers as being a Jew;

it is almost certain that he was. A great lesson can be taught by this parable showing how prone we are to find excuses for not doing the right thing as did the priest and Levite. However, the "essential difference between the Samaritan and the others was that the one had a compassionate heart, while they were unloving and selfish." Jesus taught the world one of his greatest lessons—that those who are kind, charitable, and righteous consider all men as neighbors.

Martha and Mary

An incident occurred during one of the Lord's visits to Bethany which has occasioned much discussion. He went to the home of two sisters, Mary and Martha. Jesus loved these two sisters and also their brother, Lazarus. Martha was concerned with the physical welfare of their guest while Mary sat at his feet listening reverently to his teachings. Martha soon complained and said:

> Lord, dost thou not care that my sister hath left me to serve alone? bid her therefore that she help me. And Jesus answered and said unto her, Martha, Martha, thou art careful and troubled about many things: But one thing is needful: and Mary hath chosen that good part, which shall not be taken away from her (Luke 10:40-42).

The lesson is not that the practical things of life are not essential, because they are essential, but that in every home time also should be found for cultivating that better part—true spiritual development which comes through study and worship of God.

Ask and It Shall Be Given You
Criticism of Pharisees and Lawyers

Jesus took occasion to teach more about prayer. We have heretofore, in connection with the Sermon on the Mount, discussed prayer and particularly the Lord's Prayer. We will not repeat this discussion but recommend the reading of Luke 11:1-13. In fact, we may study with profit all of Luke, chapter 11. The Lord gave a scathing rebuke to the Pharisees and lawyers but space will not permit here a detailed study of this denunciation.

The Disciples Admonished and Encouraged

Let us turn rather to a study of his encouragement and advice given to his disciples. He warned especially against hypocrisy. Jesus refused to take sides in petty quarrels and especially in matters involving legal administration. Any other course would have involved him in useless discussion and might have given color to the charge that he was arrogating to himself functions of legal tribunals. (Repeat the 12th article of faith.)

During the progress of his Perean ministry, Jesus reiterated some of the wonderful truths he had given in the Sermon on the Mount. He repeated for the sake of emphasis. He told his disciples that if they would truly seek the kingdom of God all needful things would be added. They were taught in the Parable of the Foolish Rich Man to lay up their treasures in heaven; that the wealth of earth would all be left at death. Their leaders should especially be faithful. More had been given to them and more

would be required. He referred feelingly to his foreknown death and told them of the strife and trouble which would follow.

"Except Ye Repent Ye Shall All Likewise Perish"

Some of the people who had been listening to the Lord's discourse reported the circumstances of a tragic event that had occurred in the immediate area, in which many had been killed—some at the base of the altar inside the temple walls. Some were inclined to the view that the deaths of these Galileans were merited retributions. Jesus assured them that those who had suffered were not greater sinners than other Galileans but added: ". . . but, except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish" (Luke 13:3). God, not man, is to judge. The absolute need for repentance was illustrated by the Parable of the Barren Fig Tree. (Read Luke 13:6-9.)

A Woman Healed on the Sabbath

Jesus once more healed a sick woman on the Sabbath day and was criticized by the ruler of the synagogue. The woman had been sick for eighteen years. Luke, the beloved physician, tells us the Lord said she had been bound or "had a spirit of infirmity" for all those years. Jesus again silenced his adversaries, and his believers were made happy.

Will Many or Few Be Saved?

On his journey toward Jerusalem, Jesus taught in many of the cities and towns of Perea. One person who had been impressed by his doctrine asked: "Lord, are there few that be saved?" Jesus replied: "Strive to enter in at the strait gate: for many, I say unto you, will seek to enter in, and shall not be able" (Luke 13:23-30). It is clear from latter-day revelation that the Lord will divide his children in the hereafter according to their works into at least three kingdoms—celestial, terrestrial, and telestial. (Read D. & C., section 76.)

Jesus Warned of Herod's Design

As Jesus approached Jerusalem, he was warned of Herod's designs, but he steadfastly continued his course.

Questions and Suggestions for Discussion

1. What great lesson did Jesus teach to his disciples who wanted to wreak vengeance on the Samaritans' village which rejected the Lord?

2. Give an account of the calling of the seventy. Discuss their duties and tell what powers were given to them.

3. Relate the Parable of the Good Samaritan. What lessons does it teach?

4. What did the Savior mean where he said to Martha, "But one thing is needful?"

5. What are the characteristics of true prayer?

References in the Gospels

Matt. 10:5-42; 15:24; 18:21,22; 23; 28:19.

Luke 3:9; 9:51-62; 10:1-19, 25-42; 11:1-54; 12:1-12, 14-31, 35-57; 13:1-9, 11-35; 18:1-5.

John 4:4-42; 10:22, 40; 11:5; 11:54.

Visiting Teacher Messages—Our Savior Speaks

Lesson 2—"Behold, I Stand at the Door and Knock" (Rev. 3:20)

Mary Grant Judd

For Tuesday, November 1, 1949

Objective: To point out that Christ is ever ready to enter our hearts, if we but prepare the way.

MANY of the utterances of our Savior are figurative in their nature. So with this one. If we consider the quotation in its entirety, we shall see that the complete statement, in order to be made more forceful, is clothed in metaphorical language. To quote the expression in full:

> Behold, I stand at the door, and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me (Rev. 3:20).

If Christ is not speaking of an actual door that we may open, if he does not mean that we may truly sup with him and he with us, then just what does he imply?

He is pleading with us to hear his voice and accept his message. The door we are asked to open is that of our minds, our hearts, our souls. The bread he desires us to partake of is the bread of life. And if we open the door to him and bid him enter, the result will be pleasant even as it is when friends break bread together.

Unfortunately, the call of the gospel falls, at times, upon deaf ears. We are too busy with the ordinary affairs of life to heed it. We are like those of whom the Lord spoke in the Parable of the Marriage Supper when he said:

A Perry Picture Schonherr

"LO! I STAND AT THE DOOR AND KNOCK"

A certain man made a great supper, and bade many: And sent his servant at supper time to say to them that were bidden, Come; for all things are now ready. And they all with one consent began to make excuse. The first said unto him, I have bought a piece of ground, and I must needs go and see it: I pray thee have me excused. And another said, I have bought five yoke of oxen, and I go to prove them: I pray thee have me excused. And another said, I have married a wife, and therefore I cannot come.

So that servant came, and shewed his lord these things (Luke 14:16-21).

Are we not sometimes like the guests who were bade to the supper yet who, by making excuses, deprived themselves of the enjoyments that might otherwise have been theirs?

Someone has said, "We are not punished for our sins but by them." And our modern scripture declares:

There is a law, irrevocably decreed in heaven before the foundations of this world, upon which all blessings are predicated—And when we obtain any blessing from God, it is by obedience to that law upon which it is predicated (D. & C. 130:20-21).

We feel at home with those who are like ourselves. A friend is one with whom we have much in common. Accordingly, if the Man of Galilee is to be a welcome guest, we must become like him. Remembering his purity of life, let us try to conform our lives to the one perfect example. Then we shall be attuned to the gospel message which he bears, and we shall open the doors of our hearts to him for he has said:

He that receiveth my gospel receiveth me; and he that receiveth not my gospel receiveth not me (D. & C. 39:5).

Work Meeting—Sewing

Children's Clothing

(A Course for Optional Use by Wards and Branches at Work Meeting)

Lesson 2—Layettes and Baby Sewing

Jean Ridges Jennings

For Tuesday, November 8, 1949

THE modern mother, when planning the layette for her baby, puts greatest emphasis on baby's comfort, protection, freedom for activity, and allowance for growth. Being a practical person, she selects a minimum layette at a minimum cost, as she realizes that baby will very soon outgrow these garments.

Infants become irritable and fidgety when their clothing is not comfortable. If mothers would carefully analyze their conduct they would usually find that the reason for crying and fretting can be traced to clothing.

Hence, baby's clothes should have the following characteristics:

1. Allowance for exercise and growth.
2. No bulky fullness to lie on. (A little extra fullness can become very uncomfortable after long periods of lying in the same place.)
3. Flat, smoothly finished, loose fitting necklines. (Lace, embroidery, and bulky collars irritate a baby's chin and neck. Collars roll up around the face and the corners are pushed into the baby's mouth.)
4. Convenient closing that simplifies dressing and prevents unnecessary handling of the baby. (For everyday wear, garments with full-length front openings that lap generously to prevent ugly gaps are practical. Otherwise, wide openings should be allowed so that the garments can easily be slipped on.)

5. Fastenings easy to manage and not troublesome to launder. (Be sure fastenings are placed so they do not cause discomfort to baby when lying down.)
6. As few seam lines as are essential to good fit. (Simple workmanship is always preferable. Seams should be narrow and smoothly finished.)
7. Hand finishing for softness and flexibility of workmanship.
8. Easy and quick to launder neatly. (Materials must be durable enough to stand up under frequent launderings.)
9. Economical and simple to make at home.
10. Materials of very soft, fine texture; also absorbent for gowns. (Materials should be light in weight. Fine qualities of nainsook, lawn, batiste and soft crepes are suitable for slips and dresses; bird's-eye, knit tubing, and outing flannel for gowns.)

Tie fastenings of very narrow cotton, twistless tape are generally preferable to tiny buttons. The tapes wear well, are easy to manage, and cause no trouble in washing and ironing.

For daytime wear, slips and dresses should be no longer than toe length and wide enough at the lower edge to permit baby to kick and exercise his leg muscles. Bias, rather than straight-cut slips, have certain advantages. They spread in whichever direction there is need of room and require no set-in fullness.

Necklines of all baby garments should be cut low enough in front so that they do not bind or pull and thus cause discomfort. Sleeves should be loose enough at the bottom and at the armhole to allow freedom of movement.

White materials stand the necessarily repeated launderings of the baby's clothes much better than colored materials. Dainty pastel colors are attractive, but before using them make certain that materials are color-fast.

The most satisfactory seam to use in making these tiny garments is a very narrow French seam. Around armholes where there is a set-in sleeve, use the false French seam. That is a plain seam with edges turned together and finely slip-stitched together by hand. It looks like a French seam when finished.

Dainty handwork and decorative stitching make lovely trimming and are easier to launder and less bulky for baby than too much applied ruffling and lace.

Dry-Farm Blues

Wanda Green Nielson

A lake would be a lovely thing to see,
Dancing in the sunlight, asleep beneath the moon;
A creek would be a happy thing to hear,
Singing, as it spilled along, a carefree little tune.

I'd like a garden full of roses,
A lawn, a lilac hedge, and ivy on a wall;
I'd like a rugged mountain towering near me,
And trees that dress for spring and dress again for fall.

Wheat and sage and cedars have a beauty of their own,
But, oh, I do get lonely for other things I've known!

Literature—The Literature of England

Elder Briant S. Jacobs

Lesson 2—Legends of Chivalry

For Tuesday, November 15, 1949

AFTER their conquest of England in 1066, the French stayed. The Normans ruled; the Anglo-Saxons were enslaved under the feudal system. French was spoken by the polite and the wealthy who were, of course, the ruling class. Latin was the universal language of scholarship employed by the clergy and by all secular writers who dreamed of permanence for their works. Anglo-Saxon, which gradually evolved until it became what we now call Middle English, was spoken by the common, conquered people. This language was a badge of crudeness, a necessary evil to be ignored, or, when acknowledgment was forced, to be acknowledged only with contempt.

The passing centuries mellowed this relationship fundamentally. Gradually, as these Frenchmen became Anglo-Normans, then Englishmen, both the language and the content of their culture were absorbed by the masses of English people. Finally, the versatile and powerful English language and literature were born from the wedding of ancient Celtic and Teutonic legends to French culture and literary romance.

At the Battle of Hastings in 1066 a victorious Norman poet sang a song commemorating the death of Roland, the great French hero and nephew of Charlemagne, Emperor of France. From such origins grew the *chanson de geste* or "song of great deeds," of which *The Song of Roland* became the outstanding example. These metrical songs praising the virtues of loyalty, courage, and physical strength in battle, provided a rhyme-scheme and a tradition from which the chivalric romances evolved, particularly in Southern France. When, in 1152, Eleanor of Aquitaine, a strong admirer of French literature and song, became the wife of Henry II of England, she brought the latest fashions in French literature directly to the English court. Similarly, Eleanor of Savoy again reinforced the popularity of the chivalric romances when she left France to marry Henry III in 1236. Thus the ideals of chivalry, as praised in poetic lines of exquisite beauty, at once achieved even greater popularity with the most select court society.

The word *romance* was first used to designate Old French, a language derived from Latin, or "Roman." Soon it came to designate a tale in French dealing with the marvelous adventures of a great hero who excelled in ideals of chivalry, a word derived from *cheval*, French for "horse." For many centuries the code of chivalry was almost a religion among the aristocratic classes. As page, squire, and, finally, as a knight, the noble youth was taught to love and obey its high principles. Truly, Chaucer's knight received the highest praise of the chivalric

age when he was described as a "parfit, gentle" knight.

Three of the central concepts in the powerful vogue of chivalry were: love of gentleness; love of love; and love of God. The first found its source largely in Roland, with his kindness, loyalty, and courage. The second stems from the convention of courtly love, popularized both in France and England by Eleanor of Aquitaine. This widespread convention taught, first of all, a high and sacred veneration for woman and the love with which she blessed men. The influence of this French literary precept upon English literature might be summarized effectively by contrasting the concept of woman roughly three hundred years before the conquest (as in *Beowulf*, where women entered the warriors' hall only to bring food and drink) with the idealized role woman had attained in Malory's *Morte Darthur*, written some three hundred years after the invasion. The follower of this convention swore allegiance to his lady, and was always true to her. Furthermore, he fearlessly defended the weak, the old, and all women, whenever he found them in distress. Because marriage among the nobles was largely a business transaction, the convention of courtly love also taught that love could never be compatible with marriage, a convention illustrated in *Morte Darthur* by the relationship between Queen Guinevere and Launcelot.

As we have seen previously, the medieval church used every available tool to teach the love of God. To counteract the popularity of this above-mentioned irreligious principle of chivalry, the church created the "moral romance" or the "anti-romance." To most of the conventions of the chivalric romance were added the religious element and a definite moral. The long and arduous search after the Holy Grail and the purity of Galahad, son of Launcelot, are both products of the "moral romance" tradition. One of the most beautifully stated morals in medieval literature is found in "Sir Gawain (Gah'win) and the Green Knight," itself one of the outstanding examples of the romance to be found in any literature. In Sir Gawain we find ideally blended the chivalric concepts of bravery and morality.

Sir Gawain and the Green Knight (written about 1370 by the "Pearl Poet")

About all we know of the "Pearl Poet" is that he wrote in Northern England toward the end of the fourteenth century. He is so named because of the subject of the first of four untitled poems luckily preserved for us in an unsigned manuscript. Because of a similarity of tone, style, and material, the four poems have been attributed to a single author.

From evidence within the poems, particularly the longest and best-known, "Sir Gawain and the Green Knight," we can conjecture that the author was at home both in court circles and in the open fields. While probably not a monk, he did love correct moral principles. Most important, he was an artist skilled in observing life and nature. From these resources he has recreated the actualities of life into a well-organized poem characterized by vigor

and delicacy of statement. For the modern reader its plot is reasoned and well-balanced, its description is vivid and colorful, and the dialogue shows both subtlety and finesse.

If the rhyme-scheme, the gay language, and some of the plot betray a French influence, the name of the hero and the incidents of the beheading game are drawn directly from Celtic lore. Here, true to his Celtic origins, Gawain is not a weak-willed quarrelsome playboy as he has been painted by Tennyson and others; rather he combines the bravery of the French Launcelot with the purity of Galahad to approach being the ideal knight. Yet never is he "goody-goody" nor artificial. He has about him the flavor of a normal man. His courage and loyalty in the face of fear, his essential honesty and restraint mark him as a man excellent among his kind. But when the huge axe swung out at his neck, he winced, and when Morgan le Fay tempted Sir Gawain to make love to her while her husband was hunting, he was genuinely tempted.

Synopsis:

On New Year's Day a giant knight, dressed in rich green, boldly rides his charger into King Arthur's banquet hall, challenging any knight to defend the honor of the Round Table by giving the Green Knight one blow with the axe, then taking one from him in return, a year later, at the Green Chapel in North Wales. When all become silent in fear, King Arthur finally rises to defend the honor of all. Sir Gawain then accepts the charge, and with one blow of the massive axe whose head is about four feet across, he cuts off the Green Knight's head. To their astonishment, the group sees the knight pick up his own head and ride off, calling back to Gawain not to forget his appointment.

Next Christmas Day Gawain finds a castle in a lonely forest and asks directions to the Green Chapel. The lord of the castle says it is nearby and asks Gawain to be his guest until the appointed day, the two men to exchange what they earn from each day's hunt. Then while the master is hunting, the lady of the castle goes to Gawain's bedchamber and tempts him to become her lover. Through artful dodging and argument he evades her advances, accepting only her formal kisses which, he in turn, gives to the lord as he returns from each day's hunt. On the third day, the lady gives him a green girdle which will preserve him from harm; this Gawain keeps and wears on New Year's Day when he meets the fierce Green Knight at the chapel. The Knight swings the axe twice but each time a little short of Gawain's neck. The third time he barely nicks Gawain and then reveals himself as the lord of the castle. He tells his name, Bernlak de Hautdesert, and that of his wife, Morgan le Fay, and how the two had plotted to dishonor both Sir Gawain and King Arthur. Since Sir Gawain had resisted all temptation except the green girdle, his life is spared. He then philosophizes to the Green Knight how from Adam to Samson to David man has been

made foolish through the wiles of woman: "If a knight could love them well and believe them not, it were a great gain." Returning to Camelot, he tells his story before the knights of the Round Table, blushing in shame as he shows the wound on his neck.

> And I must needs wear this as long as I live. For none can hide his fault, but some mishap will reveal it; for if it once has clung to thee, it will never be severed from thee.

The poem ends with the excellent motto, "Evil to him who evil thinks."

Note to Teachers

The introduction to Chapter 2, pp. 74-105 will enrich your background for this literary period, pp. 77-84, 94-96, 100-103 apply most directly to our lesson.

This poem is brimming over with good food and fellowship (pp. 168, 177, 188), the loveliness of nature (p. 172 contrasted with her dismal moods pp. 174-5, 189-90), the excitement of the chase (pp. 179, 183, 184, 186, 188), skillful, intense dialogue (180, 183, 187) and excellent realistic, descriptive phrases throughout. For example, "Ladies laughed aloud, even when they were overlooked" (168:4), the description of birds sitting unhappily upon bare twigs, "piping piteously for pain of the cold" (175:56), the Green Knight's description (168-169), the returning hunters blowing their bugles, "the noisiest uproar that was lifted up in jest for Reynard's soul" (188:46), "mist hovered over the moorlands . . . every hill wore a hat and a huge cloak of haze" (190:26), "the clouds seemed . . . grazed by the cliffs" (191:27). The vivid moods, the realistic, poetic language, and the skillful uses of contrast make delightful reading.

Morte Darthur (The Death of Arthur) 1469

The hundred years following the Pearl Poet and Chaucer were barren of any significant literary production. The silence was broken by Sir Thomas Malory, the "last outpost" and most successful admirer of medieval chivalry.

In the period of unrest preceding the bloody War of Roses (1455-85) Sir Thomas Malory was convicted of multiple crimes. Apparently he spent the last twenty years of his life in prison for these purported crimes and for sedition. How guilty he was we cannot know; perhaps his definition of himself as "the servant of Jesu, both day and night" might not be so ironical and hypocritical as was once supposed.

Morte Darthur was composed during his long years in prison. The ideals of morality and bravery and chivalry which he so loved were being buried beneath the cruel distress of the civil war which raged about him as he wrote. The flower of knighthood had passed, and surely, in writing of yesterday's golden age, Malory hoped to point a better way of life to his own tormented world.

In 1485 *Morte Darthur* was printed by William Caxton, printer of the first book in English. His two great services to literature were his stabilization of the language and his printing of seventy-two works in English, among them Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales and Troilus and Criseyde*. A businessman who loved reading and literature, he edited Malory and others, somewhat to their detriment. His sense of style and grammar was not good; hence his own prefaces were predominantly practical, though sometimes they betrayed humor and good nature. Regardless of his er-

rors, his role in the development of English literature was invaluable.

Since he had printed myths and legends of the Greeks and Romans, some of his critical countrymen asked why he hadn't printed something to honor English traditions. Persuaded of its value, he printed Malory's *Morte Darthur*, thereby initiating the widespread popularity of the Arthurian cycle of romances which has continued unbroken down to our own time.

We cannot be certain that Arthur (derived from the Roman *Artorius*) ever lived. If he was real, he led the Celts against the Teutons early in the sixth century A.D. The historian Gildas, who wrote in the sixth century, doesn't mention him, and Nennius barely mentions him in his tenth-century history. It is Geoffrey of Monmouth's *History of the Britons*, written in the twelfth century, which must be acknowledged as being largely the creator of the Arthurian legend. How much of Arthur was imagined and how much was based on traditions known to Geoffrey we cannot say. Regardless, in this text Arthur conquers all of Great Brittain and Ireland, Iceland, Scandinavia, and France, and finally subdues the Romans. By Malory's time the legend had grown tremendously. Save for one English poem, the fourteenth - century alliterative *Morte Arthure*, Malory's source was a French prose version, probably gathered into one manuscript. His task was to sift through almost ten times as much writing as he finally used, and from this chaotic mass of material to organize and select the main thread of a story both unified and interesting. If he left out some important incidents and clouded over such fundamental concepts as the convention of courtly love, we must remember that Malory's *Morte Darthur* is the only Middle English romance which treats the quest of the Holy Grail. If the unity of content and of plot is weak and loose, we must remember that *Morte Darthur* is a great book, possessing the higher unity of style, tone, and mood. He transports us to a never-never land where there are no everyday monotonies, where the ladies enchant the gallant knights with their matchless beauty, and where we accept the miraculous as commonplace and the fantastic as true.

Good as the story is, virile as the legend might be, it is Malory's simple, limpid style that makes the story live. His delicately cadenced prose is so effective because it echoes with such exactness the tone and charm of the content. The narrative is told by and to the imagination, almost with a childlike sincerity and acceptance of the realm of fairies as delightful and true. Himself a man of action, his sentences are tight and bone-clean, yet the cadence and melody of his words are never broken. He creates dramatic suspense, and his dialogues are easy and natural, yet laden with overtones of meaning and emotion. Finally, we must remember that Malory was an idealist, just as the Middle Ages were idealistic despite their cruelty, intolerance, and bigotry. The ideals of chivalry were those he sought to define and to sustain.

Of the twenty-one books which

comprise *Morte Darthur*, only the last is included in our text. Arthur returns to England and in combat slays Sir Mordred for coveting his kingdom and queen, but himself is mortally wounded. His sword is returned to the lady of the lake, and Arthur is taken away in a mysterious ship by three queens. In penance for her sins, Guinevere becomes a nun and forsakes Launcelot before she dies. He in turn becomes a monk and soon dies. Finally Constantine is appointed King of England.

"In the *Morte Darthur*, poets, painters, and composers have found many of their noblest themes—Spencer, Tennyson, Morris, Rosetti, Watts, Burne-Jones, Wagner. In the field of English art the highroads lead to Camelot. No other work in any literature has called into being such a library of poetry. If Malory had not brought together the Arthurian tales, English literature might have been deprived of two of its great masterpieces: Edmund Spencer's *Faerie Queen* and Alfred Tennyson's *The Idylls of the King*. Yet *Morte Darthur* is far more than a great source book, it is in itself a great story, and holds its high place in literature by its own literary merits.

Questions for Discussion

1. What were the important points in the code of chivalry?
2. What is a "moral romance"? Give examples.
3. Why do you consider Sir Gawain to be a good man?
4. Discuss the Pearl Poet's attitude toward nature.
5. Did Sir Thomas Malory live in the age of chivalry? Discuss.
6. Was King Arthur a real man?
7. Why is it important for us to know William Caxton?
8. Discuss the importance of Malory's style of writing.
9. Give a brief account of the life of King Arthur (Reference: *The Relief Society Magazine*: September 1932, pp. 554-557.)

Social Science—Latter-day Saint Political Thought

Lesson 2—The Significance of the Declaration of Belief for Modern Government

Elder G. Homer Durham

For Tuesday, November 22, 1949

Objective: To consider different types of government in the world today, and to appreciate the basic principles contained in the "Declaration of Belief" as the culmination of the experience of the race.

The Sphere of Modern Government

TODAY modern government provides protection, regulation, control over various groups such as labor unions, banks, business establishments of all kinds; it regulates prices, the quality of goods, business practices, railroad rates, airline rates; it provides assistance in the form of subsidies to the farmer, to the un-

fortunate, the aged; it confers franchises on bus, air, rail, and shipping lines; it gives charity and assistance and relief; it provides schools, libraries, postal service, electric light plants, running water, sewage systems, sanitation systems; and, above all, modern government today determines the questions of war and peace in society—the conduct of international relations, including foreign policy and diplomacy, the shifting of armies and navies, the transfer of C-54's and B-29's, destroyers, cruisers, battleships. All take their part in the work of modern government.

"Governments" Within the United States

The United States Bureau of the Census in 1942 attempted to count the number of "governments" operating within the single American system. The table is as follows:

U. S. Government	1
States	48
Counties	3,050
Townships or Towns	18,919
Municipalities	16,220
School Districts	108,579
Special Districts	8,299
Total	155,116

American government, with its written constitutions, both Federal and state, the Bill of Rights, the principle of limited government, pressure groups, elected representatives, and independent judiciaries—all these institutions affecting the functions listed in the foregoing paragraph through the 155,116 units totaled in the table—indicate that government is a very complex business, indeed.

Types of Government in the International Field

In the field of international relations, we perceive the outline of three or four significant international groups. They are: (1) the British Empire system, (2) the Soviet system, (3) the American system—which is linked with the British Empire system, and (4) the overall, loose, confederation of national States called the United Nations. These four prominent, overlapping, international organizations represent the chief political groups found today. Among the sixty-odd national States, these main groups and the great powers within them determine the course of war or peace, depression or prosperity.

The British Empire is perhaps the oldest existing "international organization." It represents the skill, ingenuity, daring, and genius of the British people. Its territories are not integrated. They are far-flung in the seven seas and throughout the globe. Yet, the dominions of the British Empire represent a significant grouping of mankind into a political organization generally known as the "British Commonwealth of Nations" which is a significant factor in world stability.

The Soviet system embraces not only the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics, but also the various areas under Soviet influence, such as Poland, Czechoslovakia, Roumania, Bulgaria, Outer Mongolia, and other States.

Whereas, toleration, good will, liberty for political differences are nurtured and cherished in the British Empire system, even to the extent of granting independent status

to India and Pakistan (the richest portions of the Empire), the Soviet system is dominated by the desire for world revolution and the world dictatorship of the Communist party. Its objectives are well-known. This system may be said to date roughly from 1917 and the Russian revolution.

The American system consists not only of the United States and its island and Alaskan possessions, but also may be said to include the western hemisphere system of twenty-one American republics. This western hemisphere system is, next to the British empire, the oldest international organization now in existence, having political significance.

Modern International Affiliations

Since World War II, the American and British systems have been linked together by means of wartime alliances, lend-lease, joint military staffs, the British loan of 1945, and more recently and more significantly, the Marshall plan and the Economic Co-operation Act, passed by the United States Congress in 1948. This bill, called the Foreign Assistance Act of 1948, has resulted in the creation of a sixteen-nation committee in Western Europe, which has, for its object, co-operation with the United States. This committee is called "The Committee for European Economic Co-operation." It is a very unique international organization, inasmuch as it has been called into being by an act of the American Congress. Nevertheless, the organization itself is a voluntary association of the sixteen States composing it. Within this sixteen-power association for economic co-operation, there has emerged what is called "Western Union." Western Union is a military alliance between Great Britain, France, Holland, Belgium, and Luxembourg. When the French, British, Dutch, and Belgian colonies are taken into consideration, for example, the rich Belgian Congo in Africa with its uranium deposits (the source of atomic energy), we see the strategic significance of Western Union. When it is realized that Western Union is linked through its British member to the United States by means of the "joint chiefs-of-staff," a military arrangement, not to mention the fact that the other four members of Western Union are part of the Marshall plan, we see how the British and American systems have linked themselves into a form of international organization.

All the principal States of the world, except the defeated powers, are members of the United Nations. The charter of the United Nations is an effort to create a general international organization for the maintenance of peace. The hopes that attend its functioning as well as its strengths and weaknesses, are matters of daily concern to all the peoples of the world.

International Organizations

In addition to the mesh of local governments such as those found in the United States, and the great political groupings of international importance, there are many other small specialized organizations which help carry on the work of

modern government. The United States, alone, for example, belongs to 102 international organizations in which we participate actively. This number was listed in the United States government manual for 1947. For example, we belong to four international organizations in the field of agriculture, such as the Food and Agricultural Organization of the United Nations. We belong to eight commercial and financial organizations, such as the International Bank for Reconstruction and Development. We belong to ten international organizations in the field of commodities, such as the International Wheat and Sugar Councils; then we belong to dozens of educational, scientific, cultural, political, legal, social, health, transport, communications organizations such as the Universal Postal Union, the International Labor Organization, the Permanent Court of Arbitration, the Pan-American Union, and so forth. All of these governments, the peoples they serve, and these various international organizations, have for their purpose, at some point or other, the maintenance of peace or some phase of human welfare and benefit. How can they be used to bring about a safe, sane world?

Significance and Value of the Declaration of Belief

It is amazing that a group of Latter-day Saint frontiersmen meeting in Ohio in 1835 would adopt a Declaration of Belief regarding government and laws in general which would contain basic principles capable of motivating human behavior now, as then, through a rather complex maze of political organization. As one of the foundation aspects of Latter-day Saint political thought, the Declaration of Belief should be more thoroughly studied and appreciated. It has great significance for the national modern State system. If the current wars that plague the world are to lead to eventual peace, men must have ideals to guide them. The Declaration of Belief constitutes a "spelling out" of practical ways and means to utilize human government in such a way that they may reconcile their activities with the great ideal of a kingdom of God upon earth. It is a problem of the peoples involved, and particularly ourselves, to understand the principles and to utilize them, through these various governments and organizations which have been listed. Wherever the Church of Jesus Christ itself and its Priesthood exist, the management and direction of the Church, its functioning in its wards, stakes, and missions, its program and its missionary work throughout the world, all must understand the Declaration and uphold its principles wherever human liberty makes such action possible. No one need fear to advocate these principles. They are sound. They represent the culmination of the experience of the race. The highest ideals of Greek, Roman, and English political experience may be said to be crystalized in the Declaration of Belief. It is for us to know and understand and appreciate these principles as a people and as citizens. In upholding them, we will find common ground with our neighbors, whatever creed or religion, so long as

they recognize freedom of conscience, freedom of religion, and the great principles expounded in the Declaration.

Responsibility of the Individual

Where the individual himself is concerned, each one for himself must recognize that he has persuasive powers. We must all feel free to use these persuasive powers after understanding these principles, as each of us is potentially either an advocate of slavery or liberty. And governments and laws have everything to do, nowadays, with the peace, happiness, and even the temporal salvation of mankind.

Questions for Discussion and Lesson Helps

Special Project: Assign a member of the class to go to the local public or high school library, borrow a recent copy of the *United States Government Manual*, and bring it to class. Have the individual assigned read the "purpose" and "functions" of a few selected Federal agencies, such as (consult the index) "The Council of Economic Advisers," "The Atomic Energy Commission," "The Securities and Exchange Commission," the "Federal Security Agency," etc.

Additional Projects: 1. Bring a convenient (preferably in color) map of the world to the class. (Again, the local public school or library can be of assistance.) Point out the various territories that fall within the orbit of British, American, Soviet power. 2. Assign three, two-minute reports to members of the class as follows: (a) Greek ideals regarding government and citizenship; (b) Roman ideals regarding government and law; (c) the ideals of English liberty. (See "Our Political Inheritance," by Elder Durham in *The Relief Society Magazine* for April 1949, page 230.)

1. Of the many units of government (national, state, local) existing in our land which ones deal with the following matters: conferring of bus franchises; regulation of banks; building of highways; provision of schools? (The answers are not printed in the lesson! How civic-minded is your class? Do they know or can they find out the answers?)

2. Have the class think this through: what units of government control the balloting and election processes? Who, or what unit of government, prepares and prints the ballots used at election time? Could this function be handled by the national government? (Think this through very carefully: what would be involved? Have someone look up the number of election districts in your county, in your state. There are approximately 135,000 such in the United States altogether. All of these have to have ballots on election day!)

3. Can the principles of the Declaration of Belief be applied at all levels of government?

4. What does the phrase, "persuasive powers" mean, as used in the closing paragraph of the lesson?

5. How should man's persuasive powers be used? So far as the Declaration is concerned, can they be used "in ignorance" of the complexity of modern government?

6. Does this lesson throw additional meaning on the maxim stated by Joseph Smith, that no man can be saved in ignorance?

There is a law, irrevocably decreed in heaven before the foundations of this world, upon which all blessings are predicated—And when we obtain any blessing from God, it is by obedience to that law upon which it is predicated (D. & C. 130:21, 22).

Optional Lessons in Lieu of Social Science—The First Presidencies

Lesson 9—The Counselors to President Joseph F. Smith

(Primarily for use outside Continental United States and its possessions)

Elder T. Edgar Lyon

For Tuesday, November 22, 1949

THE PRESIDENCY A UNIT—THE THREE ARE ONE

John R. Winder Anthon H. Lund John Henry Smith Charles W. Penrose

IN lesson 7 we learned that President Snow had died suddenly in October 1901, just four days following the close of the October conference of the Church. Last month's lesson related that Joseph F. Smith was called to fill the vacancy caused by the death of President Snow. In this lesson we shall learn of the men who ably assisted President Smith in his long administration and presided with him over the Church from 1901 to 1918.

Seven days following the passing of President Snow, the First Presidency was reorganized. President Smith selected as his first counselor John Rex Winder who had been serving, since 1887, as second counselor in the Presiding Bishopric. For his second counselor he chose Anthon H. Lund, a man of great vigor and conviction who had been a member of the Council of the Twelve Apostles since 1889. This was a most fortunate selection of coworkers as each brought to the office of the First Presidency capacities and characteristics that were to be of great service to the Church. A special conference of the Church was called to convene in the Salt Lake Tabernacle on November 10, 1901, for the purpose of presenting the new Presidency to the membership of the Church for a sustaining vote. This was done by each quorum of the Priesthood voting separ-

ately and then by a vote of the entire assemblage. The vote gave unanimous approval to the three above-mentioned men who were to constitute the First Presidency.

Men are largely the product of their previous experiences and surroundings. In order to understand these men who were to serve President Smith, it is necessary for us to become acquainted with their backgrounds and previous history.

John Rex Winder

John Rex Winder, the first counselor, was nearly eighty years of age when called into the First Presidency. Today most people would think that a man of his age should have retired from active service many years before, but men are not so retired in the kingdom of God. President Winder was a man of great physical vitality and sound judgment. Born at Biddenden, England, on December 11, 1821, his early life was spent in preparation for clerical service, a vocation which he pursued until he came in contact with the restored gospel.

Brother Winder was working in a retail store at Liverpool, England, in July 1848 when he first heard of the gospel. One day he picked up a scrap of paper on which were the words "Latter-day Saints." He asked one of the clerks what these words meant, and the clerk informed him that this was the name of a strange American religion whose representatives were holding meetings in the neighborhood. Out of curiosity, Brother Winder attended a meeting already in session. He crept up a back stairway and peeped through the banister. The sermon being given appeared to be directed so particularly to him that he could not resist its message. "God moves in a mysterious way," and sometime later he felt impelled to join the Church. In September of 1848, being in his twenty-seventh year, he and his wife were baptized. With fervor he labored as a local part-time missionary for about four years and, in February 1853, set sail for the United States. It was not until the following October that he and his family reached the Valley of the Great Salt Lake, at the close of an eight-months journey.

President Winder found that the Lord blessed him and he, in turn, used his talents for the promotion of the kingdom of God. This was a period in which there was need for making the Latter-day Saint settlements in the Intermountain country self-sustaining, as it was almost impossible to haul needed commodities with wagons from the Missouri River or the Pacific coast. Brother Winder became one of the vanguards of this movement, and engaged in so many varieties of industrial establishments that the space allotted for this lesson is insufficient to give even a short account of them.

He became a partner of Brigham Young in establishing a tannery near the mouth of Parley's Canyon, from which came first-class leather. This, in turn, led to the establishment of industries to produce shoes, boots, saddles, and harnesses. He was active in the promotion of the manufacture of domestic sugar, both from beets and sugar cane. There was great interest in the possibility of establishing an iron industry in Utah, and he was one of the leading

figures in this activity. Lumbering, brick-making, dairying and livestock raising also engaged his attention, and he was one of the leaders in the Deseret Manufacturing and Agricultural Society. Ever alert to the possibilities of progress, he was active in railroading; and when the commercial use of electricity became a possibility, he was one of the leaders of the Pioneer Electric Company. Later he helped organize and became president of the Union Light and Power Company, now the Utah Power and Light Company.

These many activities made him financially independent and he found himself called to many positions of public trust. For a period of fourteen years he served as assessor and collector for Salt Lake City and also served as city watermaster for many years. In a semi-arid country such as the Salt Lake Valley, the position of watermaster was a responsible one, demanding a person of sound judgment, one in whom the public had confidence, and a man with a sense of justice. These characteristics were possessed by Brother Winder and he was greatly respected.

The great physical strength of Brother Winder is further made manifest in the fact that, in addition to his private interests and his public service, he was a bishop's counselor, later bishop of the Fourteenth Ward and, in 1887, was called to be second counselor to Presiding Bishop William B. Preston. In 1892, when it had been determined to rush the completion of the Salt Lake Temple so that it could be dedicated the next year on the fortieth anniversary of its commencement, President Woodruff gave him the special assignment of raising the necessary funds for this purpose and supervising the completion of the work. He personally donated very liberally to this cause and after its completion was given the added responsibility of serving as an assistant to President Snow in the temple presidency, in addition to being a member of the Presiding Bishopric.

Faced with the choosing of counselors, President Smith selected this aged man, who had a wealth of experience in temporal as well as spiritual matters. He was a captain of industry and an empire builder, both in a material sense and for the kingdom of God on earth. President Smith was determined to have the Church brought forth from obscurity into a new era of expansion and economic security, and President Winder was a man capable of giving counsel and leadership in this regard. For nine years he served his President faithfully and passed from mortality on March 27, 1910.

Anthon Henrik Lund

At Aalborg, Denmark, on May 15, 1844, a baby boy was born who was destined to play a great role in the lives of countless people before his life closed in Salt Lake City seventy-seven years later. This child was Anthon Henrik Lund. He had a remarkable mentality and gave promise of becoming a scholar of great renown.

His mother died when he was quite small, and he was reared by his grandmother who, in time, accepted the restored gospel and was

baptized into the Church. Young Anthon had read the Bible by the time he was eight years old and investigated the Latter-day Saint faith thoroughly while still very young. On his twelfth birthday he was baptized, against the opposition of relatives and schoolmates.

When only thirteen years of age, he was called on a local mission and for four and a half years served in the Danish mission without purse or scrip. He had acquired a knowledge of English and rendered valuable assistance to the mission in translating material from the American and English Church periodicals for the Scandinavian saints. At sixteen years of age he was presiding over the Aalborg Branch of the mission. In September 1862, he arrived in Salt Lake City, being only eighteen years of age. From this time onward his life was spent in various mercantile and agricultural pursuits, civic and legislative offices, alternated with missionary service. He settled in Sanpete County and lived in various communities in central Utah. In 1871, he served as a missionary in the Scandinavian Mission and, in 1883, as president of that mission.

The activities of such a dynamic personality could not remain long unnoticed and, on October 7, 1889, he was sustained and ordained to the apostleship. In 1891 he was called to preside over the Manti Temple, but had this service interrupted by a call to preside over the European Mission in 1893. In 1897 he was given the responsibility of presiding over the Palestine-Syrian Mission. He was the founder of the Religion Classes of the Church in the attempt to carry week-day religious education to the youth of the Church. In 1900, he was called to serve as Church Historian and with characteristic vigor took over the duties of this very responsible office.

When President Smith selected him as his second counselor on October 17, 1901, he was a worthy addition to the presiding council of the Church. His understanding of the missionary work of the Church, its history and its doctrine, were needed in this Council of the First Presidency.

We have related in the previous lesson that during the administration of President Smith the Church made great strides financially and economically. It also grew in spiritual strength and became a power for righteousness in the lives of a great many more people. It is impossible for one to analyze the work of the First Presidency and ascribe to each one a certain part of the Church's expansion or activities. They were so much a unity that all three shared in these responsibilities. The wisdom and particular gifts in spiritual or temporal matters of each contributed to the great era of increased prestige that the Church entered at this time.

John Henry Smith

When President Winder died in 1910, President Lund was advanced to the position of first counselor and the vacancy thus created was filled by John Henry Smith. He was a son of President George A. Smith who had been a counselor to Brigham Young. John Henry Smith was born near Council Bluffs, Iowa, on September 18, 1848, during the west-

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ward migration of the saints. He was brought to Utah in 1849 and grew up in the pioneering era of the Church. Upon reaching manhood he engaged in various activities connected with the construction of railroads. He was employed in the building of the Central Pacific Railway in California. When his work ended there, he was offered a good situation in Sacramento, California, but returned home at the request of his father, who had employment for him. In 1874, he was called on a mission to Europe, and, on April 27, 1880, he was ordained an apostle.

From this time until the close of his life John Henry Smith was very much in the public eye. He served in various civic positions of leadership, particularly being active in the efforts to secure statehood for Utah. He was president of the last constitutional convention that drew up the constitution for the State of Utah when it was finally admitted into the Union. He was president of the Trans-Mississippi Congress, and served as building chairman of the Utah State Capitol until his death in 1911. As an apostle, he showed great strength in visiting the wards and stakes of the Church, effecting divisions and re-organizations of the same. He was a man who had friendship and love for everyone—Church members and non-Church members alike.

When President Smith chose him as a member of the First Presidency, John Henry Smith was highly qualified to fill the vacancy in this presiding council, bringing a wealth of experience and judgment to the office. He did not long survive the appointment, however, for death re-

moved him from this office a year and a half later. His death occurred October 13, 1911.

Charles William Penrose

To fill the vacancy in the First Presidency caused by the death of John Henry Smith, a man was chosen who was a convert to the Church. He was another man of English birth, Charles W. Penrose, who was then seventy-nine years of age, but alert in body and mind. He served President Smith for seven years as second counselor. We shall learn more about him in a later lesson, as he served in this same capacity to President Heber J. Grant.

Topics for Discussion and Study

1. What influences do you think caused such men as John R. Winder, Anthon H. Lund, John Henry Smith, and Charles W. Penrose to rise to positions of leadership in the Church?

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Blind

Jo Adelaide Stock

I have a friend who never saw
Night silver or a bird at dawn,
For over his kindly brown eyes
A coverlet is drawn.

"He cannot see for he is blind;
He cannot know the joy of day,"
They cry, but oh, my sightless friend
Is not as blind as they.

They see his eyes, but not the flame,
Nor hear the golden psalmody
That lives within his spirit when
He says with faith, "I see!"

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Words and Music

(*Continued from page 529*)

trying to create a harmonious blend caused more confusion than there has been since the building of the tower of Babel.

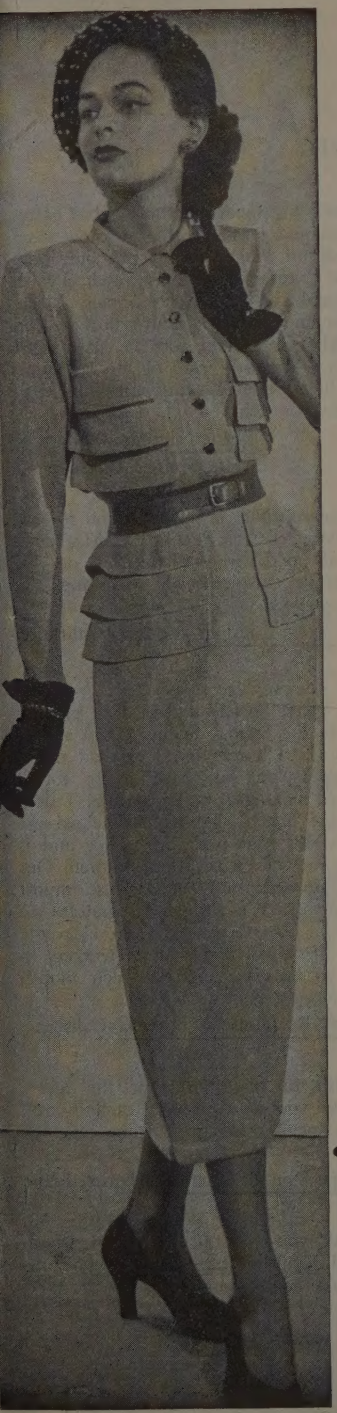
Soon we were laughing as much as we were singing. And there was wisdom and new-found knowledge in our laughter. For we in that room knew that the cynics were wrong.

There is good reason why the Lord has not ceased struggling with mankind. Though we haven't yet found the words with which to invoke a lasting peace, we all have the music in our hearts.

Poem for a Washday

Miranda Snow Walton

She could not write a poem, she said,
About the flowers and trees,
But on her washday line, I saw
Poems fluttering in the breeze.
She used such gay, embroidered words
That passers-by could tell
Her cottage was a shrine, with love
A daily ritual.
She told of happy hearts within
Whose care was her delight,
Of him who shared her every joy
Coming home at night.
And there were tiny, dainty words
That looked like fairy wings,
Soft, cuddly words for lullabies
A new-made mother sings.
Ah, no, she could not write a poem,
But on her washday line
I saw a poem of living joy
More beautiful than mine.



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From Near and Far

I think the two stories: "Young Hearts Are Fragile" (by Olive W. Burt, June) and "A Family's a Family" (by Estelle Webb Thomas, June) are very good stories, much better in construction than the average story published in *The Relief Society Magazine*. I liked Olive Burt's especially and the humor in the other was refreshing if a little overdrawn. I wonder though, if anything about a family can be overdrawn.

—Dorothy Clapp Robinson, Boise, Idaho

I am happy to have a poem "Roses Wet With Rain" in the June *Magazine*. The cover is indeed beautiful and fitting for summer.

—Grace Sayre, Pasadena, California

At a recent union meeting I had as my guest a young French millinery designer who gave us all many useful tips on veils, contours, trims, colors, types, etc. We were every one "picked up" by her talk. On the way home Sister Roskelley (our stake president) rode with one of our councilmen. He asked, "Well, what did you learn in Relief Society today?" She replied, "We learned how to wear hats becoming to us, how to make an old hat into a pretty new one—and lots of good things about hats in general." "How different," he replied, "from the time our mothers and grandmothers went to Relief Society! In those days they learned how to care for the sick and bury the dead." "Well, nowadays," answered Sister Roskelley, "we get them a new hat and they live."

—Ida L. Edwards,
Fair Oaks, California

May I be allowed to congratulate you on such a fine *Magazine*. From cover to cover, we never miss an article. The material may be written for women, but it certainly has plenty of messages for men also.

—Jack K. Clark, Dearborn, Michigan

I am a missionary in the Central States Mission, and I can say that I know what a wonderful *Magazine* you put out, even for the Priesthood of the Church. I wish to subscribe to *The Relief Society Magazine* for one year for a saint who has been my "Mission Mom" for the past eight months. She took care of me last summer when I was ill, while traveling without purse or scrip.

—Elder Hyrum B. Ipson,
Hot Springs, Arkansas

Please continue my subscription for another year. I always enjoy the *Magazine*. With all good wishes to the staff on this wonderfully inspirational *Magazine* for their excellent work.

—Mrs. John Gardner, Encino, California

It is my privilege to be theology leader in our Relief Society and teacher training leader in the Sunday School. I am a convert to the Church and have had much studying to do, but have always found the work wonderful and inspiring. Teaching Relief Society lessons has helped me through the years with my family and is helping me now with other children. Our lessons are always of the greatest import and worth. We should be grateful to those who plan them. May the Heavenly Father bless you and your co-workers in giving us the fine material each month in our *Magazine*.

—Lillian R. Johnson, Turlock, California

I wish to thank you for the lovely *Magazine* you send our way each month. I enjoy every word in it from cover to cover.

—Mrs. Von L. Peterson, Hamer, Idaho

Thank you for the wonderful *Magazine*. I wouldn't like to be without it. My whole family enjoys reading it. God bless you all.

—Kitty J. Smith,
Johannesburg, South Africa

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